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GUARDING THE KING.

H.M. the King strolling with Lord Derby (extreme right) and friends at the Aintree race meeting. Two guardian detectives in the party are denoted by white arrows. (Left) Detective Cole, the King's personal bodyguard; (right) Mr. (Police) H. M. the King.

GUARDIANS OF THE GREAT

By

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and Secret Service Days," etc.*

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I inscribe this book to my old Chief, the late Superintendent John Macarthy, and to the memory of gone, as well as present well-remembered colleagues of the Special Branch, New Scotland Yard.

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INTRODUCTORY

THE Special Branch, New Scotland Yard, came into existence upon work of a recognised official nature, about the year 1883.

Over a hundred years ago (perhaps a few years previous to 1829), it was, according to very old estimates of the times, a kind of "special section" that had come along from Bow Street days, arising out of an attempt to assassinate King George the Third, also the Cato Street Conspiracy. But in 1883 it sprung to prominence by being resuscitated to combat the Fenian Movement, a phase of Irish political affairs which since the war has become merged in Sein Fein. This is to be understood, for times change, so do the principles of Governments, and with these changes the Special Branch has had to keep abreast.

Before the war it was anarchists, Russian Nihilists, and alien revolutionaries of every description, as well as German spies ; but to-day it is Bolshevism, Communism, and post-war agitation, with the spy question still under supervision.

In 1883 a dynamite campaign was commenced in this country by the Irish Fenian Movement, starting

with the Clerkenwell or Pentonville Prison explosion up to a last attempt upon the Mansion House, and in this period of two years' frenzy, no less than fifteen bomb attempts took place all over London.

Two attempts took place in March, 1883. One against the *Times* Office and the other in Charles Street, at the foot of a government office. Both attempts were failures.

The attempt in Charles Street caused considerable damage, and the police offered £1,000 for information which would lead to the arrest of the perpetrators.

The Special Branch of that time, represented by the late Inspector John Littlechild, worked night and day on the case, and very soon information came along from Birmingham that a chemist in this city was making nitro-glycerine.

The man was watched, seen to set off for London with a large portmanteau; he was shadowed by Littlechild and other Branch detectives, and in a top room off Blackfriars Road, with two other men, he was arrested with a large quantity of high-explosive material. It was so dangerous that Home Office experts had to cause its immediate destruction. About this time the Branch discovered that all the finance was coming from the United States, so the actual ringleaders and instigators dodged arrest. However, four men, including the chemist, were sent to penal servitude for life.

Many other explosions took place, two in the Underground Railway, one between Charing Cross and Westminster, the other near Baker Street, when over fifty people were more or less severely injured.

There were so many Fenians in London at the time that a Special Irish Branch was formed, the officers being mainly employed in watching suspects, tracing makers of explosives and bombs, guarding public offices, and protecting Cabinet Ministers. The Metropolis of those days lived in a state of nerves, never knowing from one moment to another what might happen in any public place in the way of an explosion. Many an outrage at this time was thwarted by the vigilance of those old silent men of Special Branch, New Scotland Yard, whose records can only be traced in some obscure column of a daily paper—and then, only when the incident was deemed of sufficient importance to warrant an announcement.

Many mysterious killings took place in London from 1883 to the year 1885. All were isolated cases, and the slayers never traced. But the Branch knew in many cases it was the work of vengeance by some secret society in retaliation for genuine or supposed treachery upon the part of one of its defaulting brothers.

In 1884 a man was shot dead in Little Strutton Grounds, Victoria, from the roof of a house nearby. No one heard or saw the shot. Yet he

crashed upon his face in full view of hundreds of people who were present.

This man was a notorious "informer" of the Russian Third Section. He had been sent from St. Petersburg to London with the object of making a confidential list about the Russian Nihilists who were plotting in this country for the overthrow of Tsardom. He had, unknowingly to himself, been shadowed all the time. Not even the Branch knew of his existence. But at the opportune moment the hand struck—and that was an end of possibly about the fifth or sixth Russian agent who had attempted to spy on his own countrymen in other countries, only papers upon the body and subsequent police correspondence between the Branch and Russia establishing this kind of motive as being the reason. In Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, many were mysteriously killed in this way.

The year 1884 saw many more explosions in principal railway stations, and on one occasion, May 30th, an attempt to blow up the Nelson Column was only just discovered in the nick of time, the fuse being extinguished when fifteen sticks of dynamite were found.

Then they tried to blow up the old Criminal Investigation Offices in Old Scotland Yard. The attempt partly succeeded, and over £1,000 worth of damage was estimated,—but no lives were lost. Simultaneously another crash took place in St. James Square, the dynamiters placing the bomb in

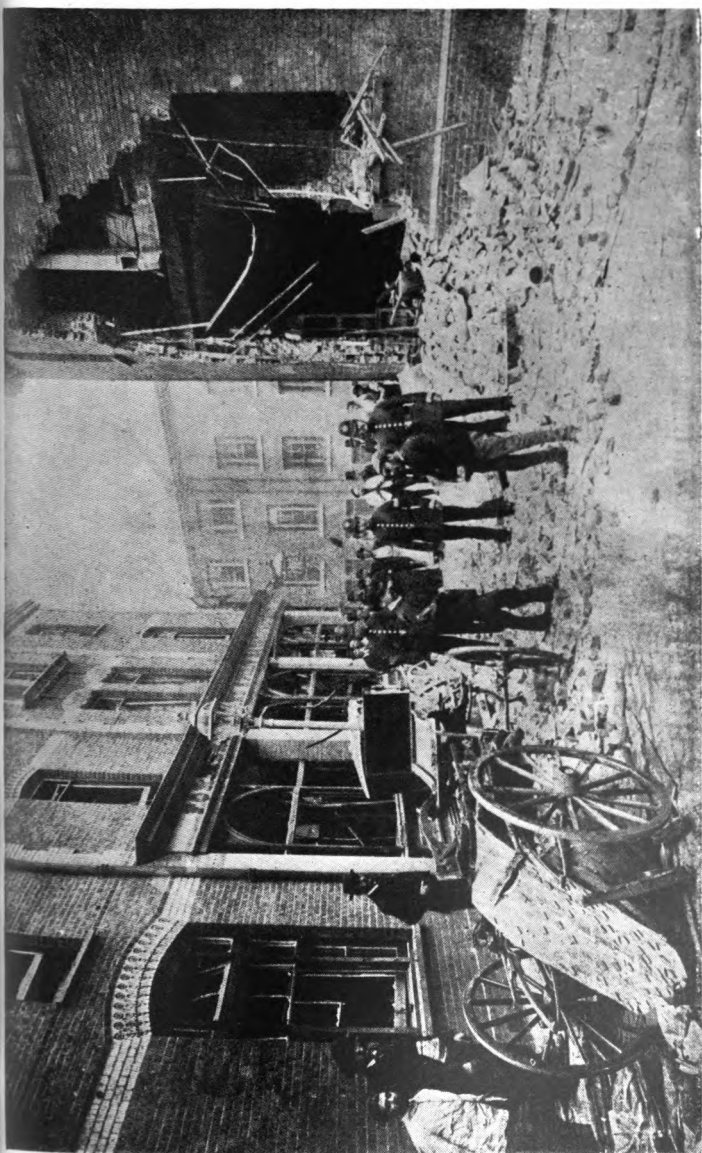


Photo : Daily Mirror.

WRECKAGE AT SCOTLAND YARD.

During the Fenian terrorist activities in 1884, Scotland Yard, police headquarters, was seriously damaged by a dynamite explosion. Photograph shows the scene after the explosion.

the area of the Junior Carlton Club. All the windows and pavements in the immediate vicinity were destroyed,—but again without loss of life.

An attempt was made on London Bridge, to which I refer in a subsequent chapter, also in Gower Street, and in January, 1885, a bomb exploded in the crypt of the House of Commons, two policemen being seriously injured.

Later, another attempt took place in Westminster Hall and the Tower of London, where in this latter case a number of innocent visitors were severely injured. Then came the culminating sequence of two revolutionary attempts which intensified the activities of the Branch to its highest degree of possible output of the time.

Two Italian Anarchists tried to blow up the Stock Exchange, and two Fenians by the name of Coleman and Mooney, the Mansion House. Again the Special Branch frustrated the attempts in time. Inspector Quinn, afterwards the famous Sir Patrick Quinn, had Polti, while Littlechild and Moser put “paid” to the two Fenians.

In regard to the latter case possibly one of the greatest bits of disguise work ever undertaken by any Scotland Yard man in detective history was that accomplished by the late Inspector Maurice Moser.

Moser had been sent to Paris “shadowing” James Stephens, the notorious “Head Centre” man directing English operations from “Head-quarters” in New York. While there the Mansion

House attempt took place, Mooney and Coleman escaping to Paris. The extradition of these two men could not be obtained from the French authorities, the Government of that time not being any too friendly towards this country. However, it was necessary to act, and the only way possible was to let the "Head Centre" know that their move was known here by the Branch.

At a house in Paris upon the top floor Moser found a "Mons. Gourbois." He knew him at once as Mooney, but Coleman could not be traced. So concentrating upon the former, he set to work to carry out his instructions from the "yard." The officer thought it would be difficult to get him into such a position that all the detectives who had come from England to Paris to identify the Fenian could obtain a proper view of Mooney. For as Buckingham Palace, the Mint, and other places had been "put on the spot" it was considered prudent to let this man know, and others associated with him, that the Branch were following close behind them all—and well on their track,—Paris or no Paris.

As extensive building operations were in progress in the immediate neighbourhood of the hotel where he was staying, Moser concluded that if he took up the role of a French working man, and in the morning went up to the Fenian's bedroom and tried to make him understand that he was wanted downstairs by some one—making the latter

appear to be Coleman—such experiment might be successful.

This detective of the "good old school" obtained a blue blouse suit, a peaked cap, and a pair of sabots, and found himself very shortly after smearing his face, covering his garments with dust, and attending to some other little details "a fair representation of a French bricklayer."

In comparative concealment outside the hotel the English police detectives consisting of Chief Superintendent Williamson, Chief Inspector Littlechild, Inspectors Sweeny, and Meredith of Scotland Yard, Hancock of the City Police, and Caminada of the Manchester Police Detective Department were in waiting to see and identify Mooney if possible.

Moser went in to the hotel, he told the porter that he had a verbal message to deliver to Mons. "Gourbois," therefore would he kindly tell him the number of his room. This he readily did, and he eventually reached the apartment which was a little place in the attic. Knocking at the door he heard a sharp voice say, "Who is there?" "Monsieur c'est moi" (Sir, it is me). "But who is it?" "Monsieur, Monsieur, c'est moi, c'est moi," said Moser, pretending to be unable to speak English.

He then heard the man unfasten the door. "Well, what the devil do you want?" said Mooney.

"Descendez, Monsieur" (Come down, sir).

His accomplice had a limp. Moser imitated as well as he could what he thought to be Coleman's limp, and Mooney after comprehending the idea meant to be conveyed, asked very excitedly, "Where? Where?" concluding that Coleman was waiting below to see him.

Before following the detective, however, Mooney took with him from under his bed a loaded revolver, which he slipped into his trousers pocket, and kept his hand upon it. Moser led the way through the hall towards the entrance, and pointed across the road to indicate that Coleman was there, and then Mooney stepped on to the pavement, when in less than half a minute he was closely surrounded by the whole of the police officials, and other witnesses, who immediately recognised him as the person they knew in Manchester and London.

In the meantime Moser kept a sharp eye on his movements to see that his hand was not taken from the pocket containing the revolver. This officer stated, however, that Mooney "was too much taken aback to do anything, and staggered, and became as livid as death, perspiration broke out over his face, and he quite expected to see Mooney fall over in a faint."

He managed after a little while, however, to pull himself together, although it was evidently a very hard struggle to do so. On addressing him quietly but in a firm and decided tone, Chief Superintendent Williamson said, "We have come

over, Mooney, not for the purpose of taking you back with us, for that we cannot do, because the laws of extradition, as they now stand, and as you are perfectly aware, will not permit us, but in order that we should have an opportunity of being able to identify you. You have had a narrow squeak, I can tell you, and I just want to inform you—and you can inform your compatriot Coleman and others to the same effect, that if at any time, near or far, you, he, or they, set feet within British jurisdiction again, you will be dealt with as you deserve. The detectives then opened out their little ring and Mooney slunk away.

The detectives immediately afterwards hailed two cabs and all drove off together to the Gare du Nord. Moser stated: "After this we had walked the little distance from the hotel to the cab-stand, I still retaining my disguise, which had greatly excited the curiosity of two French officials of the police, who narrowly watched our group as they could not understand a *working-man of their own country* being on such familiar footing with rather a large party of English gentlemen."

The two officials referred to evidently considered the English detectives, who drove off in the two cabs, as suspicious characters and followed the latter in a cab. Moser, while on his journey in one of the vehicles which conveyed him and his other brother officers to the station, divested himself of his disguise, having worn it over his

ordinary clothes. He took off his sabots and cap, replaced them with a pair of shoes and a soft felt hat which he had stuffed into the spacious parts of the blouse—tied up all the things into a bundle, and left them on the seat for the benefit of the driver.

The party arriving at the Gare du Nord were still being watched by the two officers of the French police, and eventually one of them came up to Chief Superintendent Williamson and told him that he must consider himself and all his party under arrest.

However, this was speedily put right when it was explained, and the French detectives, with courteous and profound apologies, readily understood that the "bricklayer stunt" was just a ruse by Moser the Scotland Yard man to get the suspect down for identification. After this event Moser remained in Paris. The reports of this officer upon the Fenian Movement became daily less interesting to the Home authorities. They realised they had gone—as regards political misdeeds—as far as they would be allowed to go, and the Fenian party, in consequence of the vigilance of the British Government, quickly became demoralised—and from this time soon afterwards practically extinguished. It never took root again in this country. Doubtless the Mansion House outrage signed its death warrant, and the action of Branch detectives accentuated it by their tenacious action.

Then, as I have said, owing to the harassing

and prompt arrests made by the Branch, the outbreak of bomb terrorism suddenly stopped, and London settled down to its usual routine, but not for long, as no sooner were the Fenians overcome, than the alien anarchists commenced.

A bomb factory was discovered at Walsall, six anarchists being arrested. This case was discovered by Inspector Melville, three being sent to ten years, the remainder to three years' penal servitude.

The year 1894 saw a paper being distributed in Hyde Park called the "Common Weal," published by anarchists. It denounced the Home Secretary, the Commissioner, some of His Majesty's Judges, Melville of the Branch—their avowed enemy,—and stated they must die. This paper was promptly seized and suppressed, the agitator named Nochol being sentenced to eighteen months for making seditious speeches in Hyde Park. In 1910, in connection with Superintendent MacBrian, I was connected with the arrest of another individual for a similar offence, only this time it was a libel upon our present King. He also went to twelve months' imprisonment.

The same year as the "Common Weal" incident saw the assassination of the President of the French Republic and outrages by anarchists and Nihilists in Russia, Spain, Italy, France, and this country. In London, Inspector Quinn of the Branch (now Sir Patrick Quinn) discovered an

attempt to blow up the Stock Exchange by the Italian anarchists named Polti and Ferrara. Polti was arrested with an empty bomb he had just fetched from an iron-founder, the late Inspector John Sweeney taking him into custody as he alighted from the bus.

Ferrara was arrested in the East End of London. He was awakened from his sleep at the point of the revolver—and taken just as he was found, to be charged at Bow Street. They both came for trial at the Old Bailey. Polti pleaded “not guilty” and Ferrara “guilty.” Evidence against them was given by the police, also the iron-founder who cast the bomb shell. Both were found guilty, Polti being sentenced to ten years’ penal servitude, and Ferrara to a life sentence, namely, twenty years’ penal servitude.

Another man reported to the Branch as dangerous was Martial Bourdin, another anarchist, who set out to blow up Greenwich Observatory in the same year. He was only about one hundred and sixty feet off his object, and was just about to hurl his bomb, when the time fuse prematurely exploded and his arm was blown to pieces, as well as the lower part of his face being shattered. He died on the way to the hospital.

Queen Victoria during her illustrious reign had four separate attempts made on her life by mad people; King Edward, one attempt, when he was travelling in his train in 1909 near Brussels. This

attempt was made by a young Belgian saturated with revolutionary doctrine and ideas. Owing to good fortune his two shots went wide and he was arrested, King Edward sending afterwards his express wishes that mitigation of his punishment on account of youth should be extended. The year 1909 saw the murder of Sir Curzon Whyllie by a fanatical Indian student named Lal Dringha, also the same year an outbreak of shooting by two Russian revolutionaries named Paul Helfield and Jacob Lapidus, which terminated in four deaths and the serious wounding of over thirteen innocent and unarmed citizens in Tottenham. This was followed by another outburst of the same revolutionary gang the following year, where again six lives were lost, including three gallant city constables, while the post-war period brought the crop of assassinations further in the murder of Sir Lee Stack, the Sirdar of Egypt, and of Sir Henry Wilson.

Prior to the war much trouble was caused by women adherents of the Suffragette Movement, Cabinet Ministers being molested at every unexpected moment. I recall an occasion, when Mr. Lloyd George was dining at Gatti's Restaurant, Strand, in pre-war days, when a male member of the Suffragette Movement attacked him with a whip. Again the attempt was frustrated by Special Branch men in the persons of the late Detective-Sergeant Andrews and myself. But in the case of

Mr. Winston Churchill, another woman was a little more successful, for on the way down from Bradford to London she got into his apartment and was just about to attack him with a business-like looking dog whip. This was again just prevented by his accompanying Special Branch detective, the late Detective Sergeant Thomas Nalty, who seized her just in time to stop her uplifted arm with the whip from descending.

Our present Royalty, however, have never been molested by fanatics. The watch and ward kept by the Branch prevents the likelihood of this sort of thing happening. Several attempts, however, have been made against other foreign Royalties, such as the late King Manoel, of Portugal, the Kaiser, and King Alfonso, also others. But on each occasion the attempt was found out and made abortive by the Branch in the nick of time.

From 1910 to 1914 the Special Branch had all its time cut out in many responsible matters. First and foremost came the preventing of assault on celebrated personages by suffragettes and others. Then on top of this, they had to combat the machinations of Old Imperial Germany's espionage system in this country, a task to which they rose with great efficiency, as I have told in one of my previous books, *Spies of the Great War*.

The war then crashed upon us all and the Suffragette Movement ceased with the women being granted the vote. This eased things considerably,

but with the event of these dark days from 1914 to 1918 their duties were augmented three-fold: contra-spy work, alien suspects, additional surveillance of many great people whose protection was of national importance. For instance, the late Lord Kitchener who, with Inspector Dan Maclaughton of the Special Branch by his side, went down to his death in the icy waters of the North Sea. Also extra work of a highly confidential nature was placed upon them by the naval, military, diplomatic, and even air force authorities in all parts of the world.

Peace sees the Branch carrying on with the aftermath of a post-war set of international and internal complications. They have grappled with these things, there is no doubt. I know, for many things come my way that are denied to public knowledge. The public hear nothing of their activities, for the simple reason that few are in the position to write about this phase of detective activity. Year in and year out they carry on without the "limelight of publicity" that is shown to other branches of the detective criminal investigation department. Not for them publicity. It has been, and always will be discouraged in any shape or form. Too long have the Branch remained in the background of everyday affairs, so in this book I intend to try and give an idea of some of their work as I know of it and have found it.

I have known every detective of the Special Branch

and the Central Department of note for the last quarter of a century. Further, I have made a study of all its history for quite that period, and I claim to be the last living detective of pre-war days in the Special Branch who was attached to that great war-time statesman, Mr. David Lloyd George. Four of his guardians are gone, namely Sergeants Andrews, Nalty, Randall, and lastly Sandercock, whose body I saw laid to rest at Streatham Vale Cemetery, on a wet December day.

The late Prime Minister of Great Britain is still hale and active, so is Miss Megan, his daughter, for whom I used to sketch pictures in those 1910 days during the height of the Suffragist Movement when Special Branch was "extra special" in its activities. From the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. David Lloyd George), I went on special duty with the Prime Minister (the late Lord Oxford), Mr. Asquith of my time, then the Secretary of State for War (Colonel Seely, the late Lord Haldane), the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. Winston Churchill), and many other important Cabinet Ministers of the time, as well as being attached to our own Royal Family and many other foreign potentates and presidents.

I am not concerned about official approval. My only concern is that of good taste, for in that the law provides no check, which many writers know about and unfortunately abuse. However, it is

hoped and expected that those who are in a position to write from authority and first-hand knowledge will exercise a restraining effect over all their enthusiasm in the interest of good faith and public policy. Right throughout these pages I have endeavoured to keep to these lines, not only on account of public and official interests but in the main interests of good taste upon a subject that is, as a rule, kept strictly beyond general public knowledge.

I have narrated all what I consider is possible to make public reading ; if it entertains my readers I shall indeed be compensated for the first account ever written in this country of that fine unknown body of Special Branch detectives, who I have termed, and quite rightly, "Guardians of the Great."

AUTHOR.

Manchester.

1934.

CHAPTER I

KING EDWARD VII

THE most cherished and lasting memoirs I have of my years of service in the Special Branch, when it was my duty to exercise what is officially termed "protective surveillance" over great and important personages, concern the delightful occasions on which kings and queens have shown that they share the common human emotions of their subjects. It has been my privilege to glimpse the *man* beneath the *Sovereign*, the great heart and mind, the fascinating individuality of the late King Edward, King George, and the present heir to the throne.

The duties of protection, liaison and other confidential services which are afforded to royalty at all public ceremonies and functions, both at home and abroad, are undertaken by the particular body of police detectives which has become world-famous as "The Special Branch." The detectives are responsible not only for the work of protecting the members of the Royal Household when they are outside the precincts of the Royal residences, but they perform other important and strictly confidential duties in the general interests of the whole nation.

After the duty of protecting the Royal Family comes that of guarding the persons of our own

Cabinet Ministers, of foreign potentates, monarchs or presidents who may be visiting this country. This duty is always assigned to one or more officers according to the circumstances and the importance of the visitor. Foreign ambassadors and distinguished foreign emissaries are also afforded protection while they are here.

As I have already mentioned, the Special Branch of Scotland Yard was formed about the year 1883, and was given a permanent basis of official, financial, and governmental recognition. It is, in a sense, the political police force of this country. I use the word "political" advisedly, because members of the Special Branch have no politics. But it is their duty to be "politic" in the interests of national safety.

An inception of the Branch was actually started after an attempt had been made on the life of King George III at St. James's Palace, when a mad creature, with a petition in one hand and a dagger in the other, rushed at the King as he was alighting from his carriage. The attempt was frustrated by a Bow Street runner, named Townsend, who, aware that the King was due to make an informal call at the Palace, was prudent enough to await His Majesty's arrival. This act so impressed the King and those of the Court who were responsible for his personal safety, that two more runners, named MacKenna and Sayers, were attached to the Court. Wherever the King went

one of these officers accompanied him, and one of them was always in attendance, day and night, in the Royal household. In this capacity as chief personal detective, the role was filled for many years by that well-known police personality ex-Superintendent Spencer, of Buckingham Palace.

Since that time, and particularly during the reign of Queen Victoria, two of whose favourites were the late John Sweeny and the present veteran detective, Sir Patrick Quinn, Special Branch men have been in attendance at all times and in all parts of the world.

Two other famous guardians during the reign of King Edward VII were the late Superintendent John Macarthy, possibly the greatest favourite of all, and ex-Superintendent John McBrian. Both these men have been in personal attendance on the King and Queen and were held in the highest esteem.

At the time of John Macarthy's death he was in charge of a department known as M.I.5 (Military Intelligence No. 5), at the War Office. Then the names of many important men were put forward to fill the vacancy. *Experience* was absolutely vital, but it was a qualification which was so "conspicuous by its absence" that the question of maintaining M.I.5 was raised in the House of Commons. After a long debate it was decided to abolish M.I.5 on grounds of *economy*! But the truth was that the experience of Macarthy was

indispensable and the suggested closing of M.I.; was a tribute to his unparalleled ability. Macarthy had many honours bestowed upon him, and he held during his career more onerous and responsible positions than any other detective, living or dead.

He was massive, but not burly like so many police officers become, in fact, he was dignified in appearance, with an exceptionally pleasing face. He had charming manners and considerable educational attainments. He spoke several languages with ease. His methods were never ostentatious and his exercise of "protective surveillance" was always carried out with quiet distinction. He was personal detective to King Edward both before and after he ascended the throne, and on the death of King Edward he became the valued attendant of our present King and Queen.

He was esteemed by the Emperor Franz-Josef of Austria, the Czar of Russia, the Kaiser Wilhelm, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and King Alfonso. I have seen myself the decorations that were showered upon him: The Order of the Golden Fleece (the highest Spanish award for chivalry); the silver insignias of the Austrian Hapsburgs and the Prussian Hohenzollerns; decorations from Imperial Russia, from Sweden, Belgium, Greece, Bulgaria and Italy.

But he spoke little about duties to his family or friends and his profound knowledge passed with him.

C

Another great favourite with English Royalty was Xavier Paoli, for many years the Special Commissary of the Paris Detective Service. He was the brilliant French detective who always accompanied our own Yard men when members of the Royal Family paid visits to France ; occasionally he came to England with the French President when that statesman visited this country.

When Royalty travels abroad they use their own railway-carriages on all the European lines. So far as I know the rolling stock that was built for King Edward VII is still in use. It consists of three or four compartments which were built in the workshops of the International Sleeping Car Company. All these compartments are marked by sober elegance and refined comfort ; there are no gildings or carvings or showy upholstery, the carpets and chairs are soft and thick and there are plenty of spacious cupboards. The smoking carriages of the train or " berline " are simply upholstered in Spanish leather.

M. Paoli used to go to Calais to meet the English Royalty, and immediately King Edward or King George saw him they invariably called for him. Of King Edward and King George he always spoke in the most affectionate and loyal terms.

King Edward would say : " Still young and flourishing, Paoli ? "

For all those whom he was accustomed to see on landing from the boat the King had a pleasant

word, a smile, a shake of the hand. He felt himself at home, and this sense obviously afforded him the liveliest satisfaction. During the run in the train from Calais to Paris, he nearly always sent for Paoli to his carriage and questioned him about what was happening in Paris. Paoli knew everything, even the "takings" of the theatres and the plays which were reputed to be successes or "frosts."

When in Paris King Edward always occupied the same suite of rooms in the Hotel Bristol.

He always scrutinised the visitors' book to discover whether any one he knew was staying there. That visitors' book was also a subject of interest for Paoli and the Special Branch man from the Yard.

Telephoning to the opera or the theatre was generally left to one of these officials, but on one occasion the King was anxious to see the great Sarah Bernhardt, whom he had once seen at the Theatre Francais years before she appeared at the Gaiety in London. While breakfasting the celebrated actress was rung up on the telephone. The footman told her that a man who would not give his name wished to speak to her. She refused to speak and went on with her morning papers and breakfast.

Presently the bell rang again, and the servant returned.

"The gentleman says that madame must come

to the telephone herself. She will know who it is and understand when she speaks to him."

Rather annoyed, Sarah Bernhardt snatched up the receiver and asked sharply who wanted her.

"It is the King of England speaking from the Hotel Bristol. I'm so sorry to trouble you, but can I have a box in your theatre to-night?"

"But, of course, Your Majesty," said the great Sarah, "with all the pleasure in the world. I am more than honoured by your request."

The King could have secured a box by sending along Paoli, Macarthy or the manager of the hotel, but he had made his request personally just to give the great actress the pleasure of herself reserving one for him. That was probably almost the last unofficial gesture King Edward ever made in Paris, for shortly after he went on to Biarritz.

There, accompanied by his Special Branch man and Paoli, he would walk along the promenade smoking the cigars with which his valet always took care to fill his case each morning: "Henry Clay" or "Corona y Corona."

When he smoked cigarettes they were "Royal Derbies" or "Laurens."

He often made trips by car in the country round Biarritz, and on those occasions Paoli and Sir Patrick Quinn followed in a second car.

Paoli also records that King Edward always had a little white silk cross stitched just beneath the

collar of his overcoat. This he wore in his capacity as Grand Master of the Knights of Malta.

At first this place was infested with beggars, for it was quickly reported that the English King was very liberal with his alms. The French detectives soon put a stop to this business, however, and allowed only two blind beggars on the esplanade. To these two men the King would give a cheerful greeting and a liberal tip every morning.

Once when His Majesty stopped at Marseilles before embarking on a Mediterranean cruise, he was caught in a heavy thunderstorm when returning from a long motor drive. His car was halted and, with his suite, he went into a little inn in the village of Tholouet. The innkeeper was out, but his wife went on with the serving. Presently he came back, and seeing the King's back in the far-off room mistook him in the dim light for one of his particular friends.

"What's up, Gravery?" he exclaimed. "You're looking smart to-day—some one left you a fortune?"

The French detective promptly reprimanded him for his want of discretion and told him that he was in the presence of *le roi d'Angleterre*. The honest fellow's face went green and white, but the King only smiled at Paoli and told him to tell the chauffeur they were starting off again. To this day the cane-bottomed chair, the bottle, and the glass from which the King of England drank

remain the most cherished possessions and are still shown at the inn with great pride.

Just before they ascended the throne the present King and Queen addressed a letter to the Paris Detective Service in which they expressed the great esteem they had for Paoli. I do not know whether the great French detective is still alive, but if he ever reads these lines I hope he will accept them as a humble tribute from one who so often heard his praises sung by many past and present serving members of the Special Branch.

It was my good fortune to be attached to the late King Edward VII. I attended him *en route* to various functions, was behind the scenes at many Levees and Courts, out of sight but not unseeing. My superiors were in personal touch. I have on several occasions attended the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm when he has visited this country and have had the honour of meeting most of the European Monarchs, protecting them when they arrived in London, sometimes accompanying a King's Messenger with State documents and other important matters.

But, of course, King Edward was by far the most human of all. He was lovable at all times and in all his moods, and every one about him knew how intense these could be, in his impulsive acts of kindness, his manly but never malicious humour, his unfailing consideration and his instinctive likes and dislikes.

The majority of kings and exalted personages depend entirely on those around them for the detailed arrangements of their programmes. On a journey their car or train stops according to definite schedule at chosen places. At one place the traveller will alight to stretch his legs, at another he will receive local functionaries, at a third he will admire a view, and so on.

With King Edward it was quite different. He was the despair of all the Court Officials who arranged his itineraries. The set programme was always varied impulsively and spontaneously by the King himself. He would stop to talk to an old woman by the roadside, crack a joke with a stone-breaker, ask a farmer how the crops were, while at the country town where he was expected the great ones would be kicking their heels and the Court Officials biting their lips. The King was intensely responsive. He never passed people who were enjoying a joke without asking what the joke was. Nothing sad ever left him unmoved.

One day when he was driving in Paris he saw a very pretty girl being taken to the lock-up by gendarmes. The girl was shrieking her protests, kicking and struggling, while the inevitable crowd divided its allegiance between the officers of the law and their victim. The King stopped his carriage—no other king would have dreamed of doing so—and asked in French what was the matter.

One of the gendarmes was inclined to be insolent. (The poor fellow had his hands full, and even as he turned his head, the King's detectives saw the girl plant a good kick on his shins.) The detective worked his way through the crowd and told the gendarme who his questioner was. At the same moment the King was recognised by the crowd who immediately shouted "*Vive le Roi Edouard ! Vive le bon Roi d'Angleterre !*"

One gendarme clasped the girl's arms while the other, holding on with one hand and saluting with the other, explained that the girl was a wretch. She had smacked a gentleman across the face.

The King drove on, but he had not forgotten the incident, and when he arrived at his hotel he sent a note to the Minister of the Interior, who was a personal friend of his, and asked him if he would look into the case. The Minister did so and sent the King a report. The girl was the daughter of a well-known French wine merchant—a most worthy man. She had come to Paris, had fallen into evil ways, and had become a *demi-mondaine*. Now she had been mixed up in some sordid affair and had used personal violence.

The Minister asked if His Majesty had any interest in the matter and if he, the Minister, might serve him. The King replied that he had been impressed with the girl's face, which was not a bad face, but rather that of a pretty, wayward child. If it was compatible with the interests of justice

for the Minister to intervene to exercise clemency, then His Majesty would be personally obliged. The girl was released forthwith.

But the King did more than that. He wrote a personal letter to the wine merchant and told him that, whereas he had no doubt that such a daughter had been a great grief to him, yet to forgive was a divine virtue. He said he thought the poor child was very much in the position of the Prodigal.

The reply of the Frenchman came when he had returned to London. A Court Official has recorded that he was awaiting some instructions about a personal message when he saw the King reading a letter.

The King laughed, but as he concluded tears welled in his eyes and he coughed loudly as he instructed the selfsame high official, and even snapped at him—sure sign that the King was labouring under a deep emotion which he wished to hide. Later he said :

“You remember the little vixen in the streets who set about two gendarmes ? ”

“Of course.”

“Well, you’ll be pleased to know that her father has taken her home again. I knew she wasn’t a bad girl—felt it. Here’s his letter.”

The official read the letter and rarely, he told me, had he read anything more affecting. The wine merchant explained that his daughter had

left for Paris to go on the stage. Neither her mother nor he had any idea of her manner of life. At home she consistently kept up the pretence that she was playing a small part in musical comedy. The merchant called down the blessings of heaven on the noble King, of whom he had heard so much and who had intervened in so royal a manner to save his child from the stigma of prison.

There is a sequel to this incident. From that time forward the wine merchant sent the King as a gift the first-fruits of every vintage. The King gave him permission to use his Arms, and used to send him a little personal letter of thanks for the parcels of wine.

The last time the official saw the merchant was when the King died ; he noticed him in altercation with a Guards officer, as he tried to get near to the catafalque to lay a wonderful wreath at the King's feet. He was in attendance upon the stricken Queen at the moment and thought it might bring her a shred of comfort if he told her that the Frenchman, of whom she had heard so much, was actually there.

She smiled through her tears. "Oh, the dear man!" she exclaimed. "I will receive him." And she did receive him. The Frenchman, clad in the deep black of a man who has lost a great friend, was one of the very few people received by Queen Alexandra in those days of national sorrow.

CHAPTER II

KING EDWARD : LORD KITCHENER AND DUKE
OF CONNAUGHT : QUEEN VICTORIA

THE King's power in a Constitutional Monarchy is often greatly underestimated.

The general public knows that His Majesty is "advised" by his Ministers, and the assumption is general that when the Cabinet as a whole or any Departmental Minister individually has come to a decision which requires the Royal Assent, then the Royal Assent is automatically forthcoming. When high appointments are made a notice appears in the newspapers recording the fact that "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint. . . ."—but only those in intimate touch with the King know what fights and struggles lie behind that placid announcement.

A typical incident occurred in 1910, when a new Viceroy of India had to be appointed. Everybody near the King knew perfectly well that he had set his heart on Lord Kitchener filling the post. To that end, Kitchener's services as Commander-in-Chief in India had been brought to an end by private arrangement, just in time to fit in with the new appointment.

The King returned from Biarritz, and in Paris

M. Fallieres (the President) came to the station to greet him as he passed through. It was noted with what pleasure the King greeted the distinguished Frenchman who had done so much to assist in building up the *Entente Cordiale*. Many subjects were touched upon and amongst others the Indian Viceroyalty.

"I am arranging for Kitchener to go," said the King.

The morning after his return Mr. Asquith came to the Palace and remained for a while. After he had gone the King was obviously upset about something, and his temper was quite out of control. He had occasion to send his sergeant-footman for a present he had brought back for Lord Halifax. The present had been mislaid in packing. The King was annoyed out of all reason. He accused his valet and sergeant-footman of negligence, and finally wound up by reprimanding both personal servants—a rare occurrence—with gross carelessness of his individual requirements.

Obviously something had greatly annoyed the King. Later in the day the reason was found out. Sir Ernest Cassel came to see the King and, as he was one of three privileged visitors, he was shown into the King's private room. The King had just sent for Meidlinger to deliver a personal letter for him, and the latter stood waiting for the King to finish his letter. Mr. Fehr, who told me the story, said: "I recall the occasion with amusement as

well as affection. The scene was so typically Edwardian. The King sat at a bureau with a big grey dressing-gown loosely thrown on over his shirt-sleeves. As he wrote he grunted and grumbled, made little chuckles, and kept interrupting himself to call for various things. His valet lit his cigar at least four times, it was burning badly, but the King refused to have another: 'No,' he said, 'I'll make the thing burn *my* way!'

Sir Ernest Cassel came in and the King half rose. Sir Ernest came across and greeted his friend affectionately. "I am so glad to see you looking so improved!" he exclaimed.

"I can tell you this much—my temper's not improved!" exclaimed the King, with twinkling eyes and a sly look round the room to where Fehr stood with the valet and footman.

"What's the matter?" asked Sir Ernest with a little laugh.

The King's face grew stern again:

"You know how I have planned to send Kitchener to India?"

Sir Ernest Cassel nodded.

"Well, they're trying to frustrate me. Morley insists on Hardinge going. I won't have it. KITCHENER WILL GO. And I'm just sending my detective with a little note to Kitchener to tell him to stand firm and I'll back him!"

"What does the Prime Minister say?" asked Sir Ernest.

"Oh, Asquith's all right," replied the King. "He's fond of Kitchener and considers the appointment perfectly satisfactory. Haldane doesn't forget the help I gave him with the Generals over his territorial scheme, and he backs Kitchener, but it's that dry-as-dust old Puritan lawyer [Morley] who is going to cause the trouble. Wait a minute and I'll finish my letter."

The King went on writing. After a while he handed the letter to Fehr, who sought me out, and I set off to find Lord Kitchener.

The great soldier came to the hall of his club with the letter in his hand.

"Who are you, exactly?" he asked, and I told him.

"I see," he said. "I'll give you a reply in a minute or two." And I took the reply back to the Palace.

As events turned out the King's plans were frustrated and Lord Morley had his way.

Another appointment which caused the King great anxiety was the command in the Mediterranean. I remember the really furious row there was when His Majesty's brother, the Duke of Connaught, insisted on resigning. Many army men considered the command unnecessary, and the royal Duke thought it beneath his dignity. The King and the late Lord Haldane thought otherwise. The King was down at Sandringham when Lord Haldane went down to inform him that the Duke of

Connaught had stated the time when he would quite definitely retire. The King was walking in the fields when the Minister arrived. He was examining some new locks on the gates, and was showing how the gates could be opened with a stick from above—a great convenience for riding people.

A bailiff accompanied the King ; they were so engrossed that neither noticed the approach of Lord Haldane. The Minister began by apologising for his intrusion, but pointed out that he had a Cabinet Meeting that afternoon. The King cut short his apologies and greeted him with great cordiality.

On the way back to the house Haldane broke the news of the Duke's refusal to stay in the Mediterranean. The War Minister spoke quietly, but suddenly King Edward stood still in the field :

“What ?” he shouted, his eyes flashing. Caesar, the King's pet terrier, jumped back a step in sudden fright. “Have you told the Duke my express wishes ?”

The Minister quietly bowed his head and said that His Majesty's wishes had been made known to the Duke.

“Then convey to him further,” said the King loudly and sternly, “that I am very, very surprised and intensely annoyed that my wishes should be so completely disregarded !”

His Royal Highness was not further employed during King Edward's reign, but on King George's accession he went to Canada as Governor-General.

King George's attitude is profoundly different. Even if he has something weighing very heavily on his mind, he will never speak before servants, but waits until the doors are closed. King Edward never noticed the presence of people. He hated to be alone and nearly always had at least two or three servants of one sort or another about him. King George will shut himself up with his stamp collection and thoroughly enjoy himself. King Edward had such a fund of energy that he could not be still for five consecutive minutes. He would send a note here, order some one else to carry a message there, ask for details of a race-meeting or other event which interested him.

We have witnessed during the last three reigns a complete change in the relations between the Monarch and the Ministers. Queen Victoria not only took a great interest in affairs of State but she actually managed to get her own way in nine cases out of ten. King Edward took a great interest, and sometimes got his own way. King George probably relies far more on the expert advice of his Ministers than either of his predecessors.

Queen Victoria was, of course, before my time, but Sir Dighton Probyn one day told Mr. Fehr

and myself a story which illustrates the mettle of that old lady. She was at Balmoral with Lord Cross as Minister in Attendance. One day a despatch arrived from the Foreign Office and engaged the Queen and her Minister for a considerable time. The Queen had arranged to drive over to take tea with the Empress Eugenie, who had a house some miles away.

The Minister retired to draft a reply to the despatch and came down the staircase as the Queen was crossing the hall to go to her carriage. Meanwhile a Highland storm had descended. The rain came down in sheets, but the Queen would not cancel her drive. She saw Lord Cross and stopped to examine the draft reply.

"But," she said, after a moment, "I thought I said we would send a courier to Constantinople?"

"Ah, yes, your Majesty," replied Lord Cross, "but that is a matter for the Foreign Secretary to decide. If he thinks——"

"I think I said we would send a courier to Constantinople," interrupted the Queen imperiously.

"Yes, your Majesty," said Lord Cross, "but as I explained, if the Foreign Secretary——"

"Is it so *very* difficult for you to obey, Lord Cross?" broke in the Queen in a languid voice. The Minister, looking like his own caricature in *Punch* (which bore the caption, "Very Cross"), retired in some confusion.

D

Now nobody dared to "speak back" to Queen Victoria. Her own sons were not permitted to argue with her, or to remind her of anything they might think she was neglecting. But at the very moment when Lord Cross had retired in humiliation, a ginger-headed shock of hair came round the corner of the huge doors. It belonged to a rough Highland lad, a gillie.

"MacPherson says," he announced in rich Highland brogue, "that he winnot keep the horses standing anither minute in this rain. It's enough to give their creatures their deaths. And if you don't come noo, he'll unyoke!"

Tableau! Sir Dighton Probyn and the Controller of the Household staggered back. The Master of the Wardrobe put his hand to his heart. Lord Cross slipped a step on the staircase. The Maids of Honour were divided between sheer terror and hysterical laughter. The Queen turned to the lad:

"Tell MacPherson," she said, "that I'm very sorry for keeping the horses standing like this. I am coming now." She smiled graciously on the boy and walked majestically through the amazed courtiers and servants to her carriage, without apparently realising that she had given them one of the thrills of their lives!

Speaking of carriages reminds me that King Edward never lost his love of a brougham, preferring it always to the motor-car. There was some-

thing of dignity about a horse-brougham which was absent in a motor-car, but, more important still, its slower progress enabled him to see more of his people and his people to see more of him.

Let me quote from Paoli's memories a human story of King Edward's travelling in France:—

“Naturally it was at Biarritz that I saw most of the King and those about him. His Majesty, as everybody knows, had given up his former habit of spending a part of the winter on the Riviera.

“‘I no longer go to Cannes and Nice,’ he said to me one day, ‘because you meet too many princes there. I should be obliged to spend all my time in paying and receiving visits ; whereas I come to the Continent to rest.’

“As a matter of fact, I have noticed that kings and princes prefer to avoid one another when they are abroad, as witness the following incident of which I was a bewildered and amused spectator. It was the spring of 1908. The King of England had just arrived in Paris and had taken a box for the same evening at the Theatre des Capucines. I went with His Majesty. Leaving the box to take a glance at the tiny house, I was surprised to see the King of the Belgians seated in the stalls. I went back and told King Edward.

“‘I am delighted to hear it,’ he replied.

“ And from that moment he carefully refrained from looking in the direction where his brother sovereign was sitting.

“ After the King of England had left the theatre I waited for the King of the Belgians at the entrance. After paying him my respects, I said : ‘ We had a houseful of Kings to-night, sir. Do you know that the King of England was at the play, too ? ’

“ ‘ You don’t mean to say so ! ’ he said with an air of the greatest surprise. ‘ I am sorry not to have seen him ; I should have been pleased to go and shake hands with him.’

“ But after King Leopold had gone, M. Michel Mortier, the manager of the theatre, whispered in my ear : ‘ He knew all about it, I told him myself ! ’

“ Yet there was no coolness of any kind between the two kings, a fact of which I was able to convince myself when they met at the Salon the next morning, and chatted pleasantly for a quarter of an hour.”

One of King Edward’s great favourites was the late Mr. A. Fehr, a Swiss by birth. The King took a great liking to him when he was acting as a courier for the firm of Thomas Cook & Son. As a result he was exalted from “ Cook’s Courier ” to “ the King’s Courier.” This wonderful old man did not lose his head in consequence of his promotion. He was highly intelligent, very

active, and a wonderfully able man, who knew how to arrange every detail of a journey.

He made terms with the railways, arranged all visits, engaged the King's rooms at hotels, and paid all personal accounts and bills. King Edward's suite, when travelling, was, like King George's, comparatively small. It usually consisted of two equerries and a physician.

His servants included two valets and two footmen. The first valet, M. Meidinger, was an Austrian by birth; he filled the offices of groom of the chambers and butler of the sovereign's household whenever His Majesty was travelling incognito. He it was who woke the King, whose first question was always: "How's the weather doing to-day, Meidinger?" In all personal matters he was the monarch's confidant. He brought him his letters and newspapers, and made sure that his Royal Master had every comfort. The King always dressed alone, even tying his own ties and bows. When travelling in the Royal Saloons, the King never allowed his train to exceed 35 miles an hour in the day and 25 at night. During meals the train was slowed down.

The duties of the other servants were concerned with such details as the dignity of the first valet did not permit him to undertake: making of the King's bed, waiting at table, opening railway doors and carriages, and the personal valeting of the King's wardrobe. King Edward used to

carry about sixty pieces of luggage, including thirty or forty suits of clothes and over thirty pairs of boots and shoes.

There was another "person of importance" in the King's retinue: the long-haired, rough-coated white fox-terrier named Caesar. He went everywhere with his Royal Master and did not leave him either day or night, for he slept in an easy chair at the right of the King's bed. I remember this wonderful little dog quite well. Many a time I have petted him and have seen on his collar: "I am Caesar, the King's dog."

There were one or two more interesting people on the King's personal staff. He generally had three motor-cars under a head chauffeur who, as far as I remember, was named Stamper. Then there was the postmaster, who translated into cipher all telegrams written by the King, and decoded those received by him. He was also responsible for preparing all Government despatch boxes.

And here I must repeat a story which was told me by Mr. Fehr.

"You know, Woodhall," he once said, "the King had a wonderful sense of humour."

They were travelling once to Marienbad and were using four Royal Saloons lent by the Kaiser and attached to the ordinary express because there was some difficulty in running a special at that hour. The detective occupied a coupé at the end of

the next saloon to the King's, and with him was Mr. Fehr. As a rule they occupied the coupé nearest the King. At one station where the train stopped Mr. Fehr noticed behind the barrier two ladies whom he knew. He recognised them as English actresses and crossed the platform to speak to them. Presently he came running back :

"Inspector," he said, "just nip along and see what the King's doing. These girls are travelling to Marienbad and they've got to wait for the second portion of this train. This section is all first-class and fully booked up. We might be able to give them a lift."

So the detectives went along and saw that the King was chatting animatedly to Baron Kellman and unlikely to leave him. Fehr brought the girls along, and as soon as the train started ordered champagne and caviare sandwiches for them, and had quite a little celebration. Indeed, they were so engrossed that none of them noticed the King's arrival at the door of the compartment.

"Oh-ho!" he exclaimed. "So this is the explanation of my heavy expense sheets, is it, Fehr?" (There had recently been a little "sensitiveness" between Fehr, the Master of the Wardrobe and the Keeper of the Privy Purse about expenses, and the King, when he was referred to, came down heavily on the side of Fehr, for he hated niggardliness.)

Fehr and the detective were far too discomfited to speak.

"Haven't I seen you before?" the King asked one of the girls.

"Yes, Your Majesty," she replied, and began to tell him how she had appeared before him in a Command Performance and also that she had been in George Edwardes' *Merry Widow* Company.

"Ah, yes, of course," said the King. "A most excellent show. Best waltz ever written. I heard it three times running. Well, well, it is very nice of you fellows to present these ladies to me. Come along, ladies, come along. I am quite disengaged now."

And he led the girls through to the next saloon where waiters and servants were soon dashing with bottles and trays. In a few minutes a waiter came to Fehr's coupé with a tray on which were two bottles of Bass and two excellent cigars. With them was a card bearing in the King's hand :

"A consolation prize !"

Bass, you notice ! They had been making free with his champagne !

CHAPTER III

KING EDWARD: THE LATE CZAR, AND SOME OTHER MONARCHS

MUCH has been written and more said of the relations between King Edward and the other reigning Monarchs of Europe. It has even been argued that the operations of the King had their share in creating the situation which ended in Armageddon. I have previously pointed out that I do not pretend to write an authoritative history, but I will relate such incidents as I remember of King Edward's meetings with other Monarchs and also the recollections of unimpeachable authorities concerning his conversations which should discount the widely-held opinion that the King was an implacable enemy of Germany.

I have, with other officers, been attached to the King and the Kaiser when they have been together, and I have heard how the King has discussed the Kaiser with intimate friends. I know quite certainly that the King did not dislike his nephew. He distrusted him deeply because the Kaiser was always making suggestions to other Monarchs for

Alliances, "Understandings," and Secret Treaties. King Edward was invariably informed in good time, and then began a period of "sorting out" and the abandonment of the proposed treaties before they came to birth.

Perhaps the King's own words would best describe his attitude towards the Kaiser. My informant was among those who accompanied him to Reval in 1908, where he met the Czar for the last time. The King and Queen travelled on the *Victoria and Albert* and the Czar and his family and suite were on the Russian Royal Yacht *Standart*. There were several dinners at which formal speeches were made, and then one day, one of my late colleagues was instructed to accompany the King who was walking tête-à-tête with the Czar. Colonel Propoffsky of the Secret Police—the notorious Third Section,—and the English detective were the only escorts. At the Czar's special request they walked close behind the two Monarchs, only a foot or so away.

Subjects which were not touched on at the public functions were under discussion. Sir Ernest Cassel had proposed a journey to Russia to negotiate some important financial transactions, and the King "put a word in" for his friend. He secured the Czar's promise to receive Sir Ernest and let it be known that the financier had the Imperial support. Then the conversation turned on politics, and the King chaffed the Czar about some meeting

he had had with the Kaiser in which a proposed treaty was discussed.

"But," replied the Czar, "it was purely tentative. I would have signed nothing without letting you know."

"But," the King laughed and nipped the Czar playfully by the arm, "but, unless my information is at fault, the document *was* signed and only required drafting when Stolypin put his foot on it."

"Yes, yes," replied the Czar uncomfortably, "but I intended to tell you before it was complete."

A little later on the Kaiser was discussed.

"He seems to fear you personally," said the Czar.

"No," said the King. "It isn't fear of me. He is the cat's-paw of at least three conflicting interests. The Jews hate you and would like to embroil him with Russia. Our friendship, they interpret to him as a menace. The Navy Party want to steal our Trident and the Pan-German party are out for Colonies—at our expense. I am sorry for Willie."

There was an unpleasant little incident before this visit ended. The King was walking along near the water-side at Reval one day when a Jew threw a paper bag full of soot straight at one of the numerous Russian officers who was accompanying the King. Instantly the little gold whistle of Colonel Propoffsky was sounded and the unfortunate Jew was hurried off into some side street

by the detectives. His shrieks could be heard for some seconds after he disappeared.

The incident was told to Admiral Fisher afterwards.

“You mark my words,” said Lord Fisher, “the Jews’ll get that fellow, Stolypin, before he’s done. I’ve just heard that the Czar has been asked to sign a decree punishing about fifty thousand of the Jews, because one of them threw a bag of soot at a certain tyrant of a police chief. He’ll come to a sticky end!” Lord Fisher was right in this as in many of his prophecies. Stolypin was shot very shortly afterwards in the Opera House in Kieff.

The relations between King Edward and all European Kings were excellent, except between him and Leopold, King of the Belgians. There were many reasons for that. One reason was that King Leopold had ignored the King’s advice about his daughter when she married against his will and beneath her. A more serious reason was that he refused to make certain changes which were suggested to him by the King, the Kaiser, the President of France, and the King of Portugal, in his treatment of natives in the Congo. There had been horrible atrocities.

In the earlier days the two Kings had liked one another. I remember the late Superintendent John Macarthy telling me of an occasion when the young heir to the Belgian throne, the late

King Albert, came out to Biarritz with a personal letter from his uncle to the King. The visit was unexpected and the King was just leaving for a motor drive in the Basque country and over the Spanish frontier to San Sebastian, where he was to meet King Alphonso. He read the letter with one foot on the running board of his car. The late Superintendent said to me :

"I can picture him now. There was a light breeze blowing. The King's beard was slightly ruffled and his cigar smoke blew from his cigar to me. He was wearing a light grey suit and a very light trilby hat with silver-white binding and band. He read the letter to the end, then he looked at the Comte des Flandres and obviously approved him.

" 'Will you stay?' he asked, but the young prince excused himself on the grounds that he had to proceed immediately to Vienna to represent his uncle at the Austrian Court on the occasion of a Royal wedding.

" 'Tell the King,' said King Edward, 'that I will write to him, but the points which are dividing us remain.' Then the King dropped the language of diplomacy. He smiled at the earnest-looking prince and said : 'You know, personally, I like your uncle. He's a very agreeable chap. I remember the old days, even as he does, and I am sorry for the present breach. But—the Congo and the Baroness ! You understand ?'

“ The present King of the Belgians smiled and bowed, then took his departure.”

The King's references were to the Congo atrocities and a notorious liaison which the aged King of the Belgians persisted in and which was the prize scandal of European Courts.

It is strange to look back now after all the changes the war brought and remember that two Monarchs for whom the late King had a great personal affection were King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the aged Emperor Franz Josef of Austria.

Frequently the old Emperor used to arrange to take his “ cures ” and holidays at Homburg and Marienbad at dates which coincided with the Royal visits from England. The old Emperor loved the King's anecdotes and humorous stories. The Emperor had a great sense of humour, and I have heard Macarthy tell many interesting stories. With the Emperor Franz Josef, Macarthy was an especial favourite, and his family hold to-day the 1849 Order of Franz Josef.

On one occasion the two Monarchs were seated together in the shade of a palm on the terrace of the castle at Ischl. There had been some rumours of the presence of disaffected men from over the Serbian border, and orders had gone forth that both the King and the Emperor were to be constantly and closely guarded. Lieutenant Ferancz, a cavalry officer attached to the Secret

Police, acted as guard to the Emperor, and John Macarthy attended the King.

King Edward had been telling the Emperor of a man he knew who had an enormous appetite. They both laughed and then the Emperor said :

“Did I ever tell you that story about Colonel Count Menchen and his hungry servant ?”

The King said he had not heard the story and the Emperor related it. Count Menchen, then a Captain, had made a wager with his brother officers in mess that his servant, an enormous Transylvanian, could eat a whole deer. The wager was accepted, but the officer made one stipulation, and that was, that the deer must be served in all sorts of ways. There was to be soup, fricassees, cutlets, a haunch, a stew, a pie, and any other possible variation. Further, he was to be permitted to starve his servant for two days. The night of the contest arrived, and the big hungry soldier-servant entered the mess. All the officers gathered round to watch his performance. He got through the soup, the cutlets, the pies, the savoury stew, the roasts, and all the rest, but just before the end he began to flag !

“Come along !” commanded his master.

“Ah !” puffed the servant, “but if that deer doesn’t come quickly I shan’t be able to eat it !”

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria was a great favourite of King Edward’s. He was also the most amazingly well-informed man in Europe. If ever a

situation arose in the European Courts which King Edward did not quite understand, he used to write to King Ferdinand, and the Bulgarian Monarch invariably discovered all the details in record time. King Edward used to call him "Enquire Within."

There was an occasion, however, when King Edward stole a march on him and openly exulted in his victory. It was at the time of the Russo-Japanese war. Ferdinand of Bulgaria was excellently well-informed as usual. But Mr. Wickham Steed, the famous correspondent of *The Times*, was able to give King Edward information of the great Japanese naval victories before the Foreign Office of either Sofia or London received the news.

On the promenade at one of the resorts on the Riviera, the King met the then Prince Ferdinand.

"Well," he asked. "Have you heard the news from the East?"

"I am expecting to hear something hourly," was the reply. "I have made arrangements which will ensure my getting the news of anything worth cabling about, before any newspaper or Foreign Office."

"What will you wager I beat you?" asked the King.

"Two English hunters!" replied the Prince.

"Then you'd better instruct your agents to buy them now," said the King exultantly. "Admiral



Photo : Russell & Sons, Southsea.

KING EDWARD AT SEA.

A royal group taken on board the Royal Yacht during the 1897 Jubilee celebrations. (Seated) the late King Edward. (Standing) King George V, Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Henry of Prussia, King of Denmark, Prince Louis of Battenberg.

Togo defeated the Russian fleet off Port Arthur yesterday. Here's the cable."

And, much chagrined, Prince Ferdinand read Mr. Steed's cables. He laughed after a few moments when he had finished reading.

"You shall have your two hunters," he said, and added slyly, "though you don't appear to need any extra 'steeds.'"

I have this story from a trustworthy English police source. Also from one of the leading editors of the British Press.

A rather exciting experience with Prince Ferdinand took place during that visit. He was walking along one day when a fracas took place between two men on the promenade. One struck the other, who fell back into Prince Ferdinand. Nobody about recognised the Prince, who angrily shook the man off and told him sharply to be careful who he was bumping.

The man replied insolently.

"Apologise at once, sir!" demanded the Prince.

But the man instead gave Prince Ferdinand a vicious smack on the face. Instantly, despite the detaining hand of one of his attendants, the Prince was in to his man! He landed him a magnificent left straight to the point, followed it up with a right, and in two seconds had his opponent retreating across the road with his arms flying wildly and hitting the air.

A little crowd had collected and the police

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arrived. The Prince's detective and others present told them who the successful combatant was, and the police stood gasping with astonishment.

The Prince did not cease to belabour his victim until he had cravenly apologised. He looked a sorry figure. One of his eyes was closed and his nose required immediate attention.

King Edward, who was not present, was hurriedly told of the incident.

"Bravo!" he said, when the Prince returned to him.

Prince Ferdinand was a little out of breath. When he recovered, he said to the King :

"Have you ever had presented to you an English boxer called Driscoll?" The King replied that he had not, so far as he could remember. "Then," said Prince Ferdinand, "if you ever should, tell him what you have heard about the form of his pupil!"

One of the Kaiser's weaknesses was a very curious and egotistical sense of humour. He gloried in the comic discomfort of others, but when it came to himself it was a different pair of shoes. An excellent illustration of this characteristic once occurred at Homburg. The Kaiser was entertaining King Edward and some friends incognito at one of the hotels which was used instead of the neighbouring Schloss, in order to preserve the informality. During dinner, a waiter, unused to waiting on such eminent guests, became nervous and spilled some of the asparagus soup over the

shoulders of the Kaiser and Count Zeppelman, who sat on his left. The Kaiser saw the soup on the shoulder of the Count and laughed uproariously. King Edward saw the soup on both shoulders, realised that the Kaiser was in happy ignorance of his own condition and in that ignorance was enjoying the Count's misfortune, and began to enjoy the general situation tremendously.

Unfortunately, a fussy *maitre d'hotel*, mumbling guttural apologies, began cleaning the Kaiser's coat with a clean napkin. The Kaiser lifted his brows, screwed his head round, and saw the damage! The *volte face* was complete! The Kaiser stormed. He sent for the proprietor and accused him of deliberate carelessness, said that it was a Socialist insult, and had been pre-arranged. The proprietor trembled at the Imperial displeasure. He grovelled his apologies and, in part propitiation, joined with the *maitre d'hotel* in kicking the unfortunate and trembling waiter out of the room. Another waiter thoughtfully held the doors open so that the Kaiser could see a number of good sound kicks administered to punctuate the waiter's dolorous progress.

That night when the King was going to bed he sent for his Special Branch detective. "Officer," he said, "go and find that waiter's address and give him these two hundred marks, but tell him not to say where it comes from."

The officer did so.

When we returned to London the King sent for Juda, his friend, the well-known manager of the Café Royal.

"Juda," he said, "would you like a good German waiter? No ordinary waiter this! Indeed, he knows how to grease the Kaiser! What do you think of that?"

"I shall be honoured, your Majesty," replied the greatest restaurant manager of Europe. "It is most gracious of your Majesty to consider me."

So the waiter got a job in London under somewhat false pretences, I am afraid, for his method of greasing the Kaiser was far different from Juda's idea of that delicate operation.

It is not my intention here to touch on serious matters of High Policy. One cannot be as close to a monarch as a guardian detective without hearing and seeing a lot. Sometimes what I have heard and seen has been very, very different from the recorded history. But the serious history of the days of which I am writing has been undertaken by eminent historians, and I am merely concerned to set down my memories, tell a few stories, and relate scattered incidents in the lives of the Sovereigns I served. Lest in so doing I give the rising generation which did not know him the impression that King Edward was all gaiety and humour, for ever seeking pleasant experiences and cracking jokes, I must make it clear that the little incidents I relate were but a few threads

running here and there through the main fabric, giving variety, beauty—and even strength,—to the texture.

King Edward was first and foremost a great Englishman. He was an Imperialist with exceedingly Liberal ideas, if a political term may be used in this connection. He loved and earnestly sought peace. It has been said that his personal intervention in furthering the *Entente Cordiale* with France automatically estranged Germany and helped to make the smash of 1914 inevitable. This is not my province, but I *do* know that the King earnestly sought an understanding with Germany. Dr. Jennecke, a Judge of the High Court of Leipzig, a friend of the Kaiser and a friend of the King, met the late King frequently. Baron Kellmann held several conversations with the King and with the Kaiser. Dr. von Jagow met the King frequently, and the German detective superintendent who accompanied von Jagow gave me information from time to time.

This superintendent was a very clever man and a strong Anglophile. His two daughters were at a school in Eastbourne. He told me that the extreme danger to Germany was Russia. Russia was known to have a strong war party. She could not be trusted. He said that the increasing friendship between France and England was a menace to Germany so long as France was in alliance with Russia and the *Entente* was not balanced

by an Anglo-German understanding. I know that it was on those lines that the King tried to work. Sir Edgar Speyer, Sir Ernest Cassel, Baron Heinrich, and others, were in frequent correspondence, and many meetings were held both here and on the Continent.

In order to satisfy German susceptibility, the King very reluctantly advised the Czar that a visit he proposed making to England had better be deferred. This I know, because I accompanied Fehr, the King's Messenger, and carried to Folkestone the despatch box in which he took the letter to the Winter Palace. The King was anxious to keep separate the Anglo-French *Entente* and the Franco-Russian Alliance. I am betraying no secret when I say that all the King's—and the Kaiser's,— pacific efforts were nullified by the big navy gang in both countries !

I have mentioned Baron Heinrich, and I really must relate a story about him. The Baron was a very fine carver. To him carving was what fiddling is to Kubelik ! He was an artist—nothing less. When he came on visits to London, or when the King met him on the Continent, it was invariably arranged for the various joints to be placed on a charger before the Baron, who carved them as though he were a surgeon performing a delicate operation. Rotund and jolly, the Baron was always good-humoured. When he arrived he would send for such servants as he knew and

enquire how they fared, then hand them a golden sovereign. He did this every Saturday morning and on the day of his departure.

The Baron's favourite bird was the capercailzie, and King Edward saw to it that several such birds came down from Balmoral when the Baron was over here. One evening there was an informal dinner at which the King, Lord Charles Beresford, Colonel Fawcett, Sir Edgar Speyer, Dr. Morgestern, and several others were present to meet the Baron. "I knew there was some joke pending," said the late Inspector Powell, "because my chief advised me to station myself in the ante-room when the capercailzie was served. I saw a naval gunner accompany the assistant chef who carried the capercailzie on a silver dish. It was placed before the Baron to carve. The King moved his chair back a few inches, Lord Charles Beresford gripped the edge of the table.

The Baron gurgled with delight! He commented on the size of the bird, playfully blew it a kiss, then took his carving fork and dug it with precision into the breast-bone. He got the shock of his life! There was a deafening crack and the bird flew in all directions. The Baron was a mass of gravy and capercailzie, while all the other guests got a sprinkling.

When he got over his shock the Baron emitted just about every oath in the German language, but after a time, when he saw all the others laughing

delightedly, he observed: "Ha! It is the joke is it? Well, I get my own back one of these days." Then he laughed. "Well, it is poetic justice, is it not? Many thousand of birds have I shot before this fellow tried to shoot me!"

CHAPTER IV

ROYAL SPORTSMEN

ALL Englishmen love a sportsman. It is the "sporting" character of our Monarchs which endears them to us. This may always have been so. Charles II was far from being a perfect man, was in many respects reprehensible ; so was Henry VIII. But both kings remain popular champions even to this day, and I think the reason is that each in his way was a sportsman.

The days of the Regent are remembered and the Regent himself is held in high honour in many circles, because it is felt that whatever his failings may have been, he *was* a good sportsman. We are a sporting race and we appreciate sportsmanship in our rulers. Periods of English history which have not admitted sportsmanship are not happily remembered, or at any rate, not with keen pleasure. The Commonwealth in many respects compares with the Victorian Era. Both periods were periods of a certain prosperity, both served a useful purpose, but both are remembered by the generations which have followed with a sense of repugnance. They are venerated by some like old and austere buildings ; but they are not loved.

Sportsmanship came into its own again with the accession of King Edward. I never officially met Queen Victoria, but I have known and have served King Edward, King George, and the Prince of Wales, and all three are sportsmen in the best sense of the word.

King Edward was first and foremost a racing man. He loved races. Nothing was so exhilaratingly exciting to him as to see his colours carried to victory in a classic race. King George also attends race meetings, but he is not anything like the racing man his father was. King George, as those who have attended him know well, is thoroughly happy when he is afloat on his yacht. He is happy, too, when he is shooting. King Edward was a moderate shot. I have known him make some good hits at Chatsworth, Bolton and Balmoral, but on the other hand I remember occasions when his shooting was execrable and when he was plainly thinking of other things. The shooting was not sufficiently engrossing to lift his mind from politics and other matters which laid heavily on him.

So with King George. I have stood in the vicinity of the Royal Box at Ascot when he has let his gaze wander over the crowd at the moment when a representative of the Royal stable was straining for victory.

The Prince of Wales also is an excellent sportsman, but neither racing nor yachting interest him

greatly. Shooting is not particularly thrilling to His Royal Highness, but hunting, polo, or any sport which calls for personal skill in horsemanship finds him enthusiastic.

Few people realised, while he was alive, how intensely keen the late King was on racing. The late Lord Marcus Beresford was entrusted with King Edward's racing arrangements. He deposited £1,000 with Messrs. Weatherby, and was never called on for another shilling.

At one time he had £50,000 to his credit. In the year 1909 he gained firsts, seconds, and thirds in considerable numbers; that year he won the Derby, of course, with the famous *Minoru*.

At the time of his death the King had twenty-two horses in training, and the public will remember that on the very day of his death, the 6th May, 1910, his horse, "*Witch of the Air*," won the Spring Two-Year-Old Plate at Kempton Park from Mr. Carroll's unbeatable "*Queen Tie*" by half a length. The message was conveyed to Buckingham Palace at 5 o'clock, and the dying Monarch received the news with a happy smile. It was our great sporting King's last win. By midnight Edward VII was dead.

A story told me by the late Inspector Hester is worthy of record.

"I remember on one occasion accompanying the King to Egerton House to see his trainer,

Mr. Richard Marsh. Another season of bad luck had just come to an end, and the King was miserably disappointed. We met Mr. Marsh on the way to the house and the King ordered his car to stop. After a few words of greeting, King Edward bluntly said :

“ ‘ Marsh, I do not blame you at all, but I have decided that you must get rid of some of these cart horses of ours. We’re becoming a laughing-stock.’

“ The Royal trainer respectfully agreed that the horses were most disappointing, but he counselled patience.

“ ‘ No,’ said the King, ‘ I’m sick of losses. We require new stock. It is for your credit as much as mine that I am concerned. I have arranged for you to go over to Colonel Hall Walker’s place. I have seen some of his horses already, and have decided to lease six of them. Whatever else you choose you must get Oakmere and Minoru.’

“ Mr. Marsh agreed and the result was that six horses were brought across from the stables of Lord Wavertree (then Colonel Hall-Walker) to those of the Royal trainer. They included the King’s own choice, Minoru.”

I should say that the Derby of 1909 was the happiest day of King Edward’s sporting career. With him in the Royal Box at Epsom was Queen Alexandra, our present King and Queen, and several personal friends. When the horses came up to

the tapes the King turned with an impatient expression to the Marquis de Soveral and said : " I've drawn on the inside ; wretched luck ! I wish I'd been further out ! "

The race began, and from the moment the horses were off, the King's excitement was intense. Sir Martin, an American horse, challenged the Royal candidate from the beginning. Then something happened. Sir Martin, the American horse, bumped another horse which in turn cannoned Bayardo, another danger, and the King's horse got a slight advantage. But it was not enjoyed for long. Louviers, a French horse, ridden by a jockey called Stern, challenged and drew level. The race to the end was a neck and neck affair : the crowds cheered, and the King, in the Royal Box, kept his eyes glued to his binoculars.

" What is it ? What is it ? " asked the King, for the end was so close that from where he stood nobody could tell which horse had won. Then the result went up. Minoru had won by a short neck ! The cheering was simply tumultuous. The first thing King Edward was seen to do was to seize Queen Alexandra's arm affectionately, while the Queen smiled happily back. She knew how much the victory meant to him. Then the King insisted on following the popular custom and he led his horse in.

I do not believe that in the whole history of Epsom there was ever such another incident. The

King of England had to push his way through a cheering, shrieking multitude. The very police forgot their functions, constables were seen waving their helmets and cheering. Bookmakers, tipsters, punters, sporting women, and every manner of person were surging round the King, some even slapping him on the back and shouting :

“Good old Teddy!” “Bravo the King!” “Good luck to you, sir!” And a thousand other congratulations. The King was positively mobbed. I pulled one girl back, but not before she had tried to kiss his hand. His hands were seized, his shoulders must have been a mass of bruises from the number of congratulatory slaps he had to endure. I was told by a colleague who remained in the Royal Box that the Queen who followed his progress through her glasses was so touched by the tremendous demonstration, that she cried as she tried to laugh !

Only by the exertion of tremendous strength did a small gang of volunteers succeed in opening a way for the King to reach his horse’s head, and then, when he began to lead in the winner, the tumult was renewed.

To say he was delighted is to under-estimate the King’s joy. He positively trembled with emotion and that night when he returned and dressed for dinner he sent for some of his personal attendants and performed one of his very rare acts of spontaneous Bohemian hospitality.

Meidinger told me that he arrived in the ante-room and found the King sitting on a settee. In the room was Fehr, his courier, his valet, and Mr. Chandler, the Superintendent of the Wardrobe, —all favourites.

The King was sitting in his frock-coat. He was smiling happily, and when Meidinger entered the room, he said: "I have sent for you because we are all going to drink a glass of wine to celebrate the victory. The official congratulations will be made at dinner, but this is our ten minutes."

That was King Edward to the life. In all the great events of life—and the victory of Minoru was certainly one—he liked his most intimate associates, of whatever rank, to share his joys and his sorrows. And so they cracked a couple of bottles of "Duminay." Chandler and Meidinger, who had respectfully stood, were sat down at the King's invitation; the King raised his glass:

"To Minoru, to Marsh, and to Jones!" he called, and they drank to the horse, the trainer, and the jockey.

"What a race!" exclaimed the King, and as he spoke in his excitement he overlooked the fact that he had slightly tipped his glass and the wine was trickling down the silk facings of his frock coat. Meidinger, horrified, jumped forward to attend to him, but the King rebuked him half seriously, half jestingly: "If you can't behave yourself, you'll be put out!" he exclaimed, and

Meidinger had to submit. In the midst of the little celebration a footman entered to say that Sir Edward Grey awaited the King.

"I shall see Sir Edward presently," said King Edward. He refused to interrupt the little festivity in which he was entertaining his humble servants, even for the Foreign Secretary of England!

"And," said King Edward, before the little session broke up, "*I chose the horse myself!*"

In the whole of the hundred and fifty years in which the Derby—greatest event of horse racing in the world—has been run, only two great sportsmen have won it three times, the first was Lord Roseberry in 1894, with Ladas; 1895, Sir Visto; 1905, Cicero; and King Edward in 1896, with Persimmon; 1900, Diamond Jubilee, and 1909, Minoru,—truly a great and remarkable tribute to his love for the "Sport of kings."

King George can be very democratic, but in a totally different manner. I have never heard of our present King taking wine with his servants, but in a different way he is quite homely. When I relate an incident like the foregoing I am almost afraid that I may give a totally wrong impression. King Edward was capable of an act like that, yet he remained far more a stickler for ceremony than our present King in the main.

It must be remembered that King Edward was exceedingly Royal in his love of ceremonial. That, of course, he inherited from his father and

his mother. He also had strong leanings to all that was dignified in the matter of ceremonial affairs. I may be revealing something new to my readers when I state what everybody at Court knows perfectly well, that the King never returned from a visit abroad, without tightening up discipline and advocating greater ceremonial. On his return from a visit to the Kaiser in 1909 he had an idea that his Councils were not being held with sufficient ceremony, and he passed word to the Chamberlain that in future no excuses were to be made for Privy Councillors not appearing in uniform.

Our present King has always tolerated ceremonial, but in his heart he prefers simplicity. With King Edward the reverse was true. He would occasionally be exceedingly democratic, but on public occasions, and on almost all occasions, he loved ceremony.

But though King George is of a different temperament, King Edward was loyal enough to his friends, though he was very much a man of moods. He could be smiling one minute and furiously angry with the person on whom he had been smiling, the next. King George is steadfast.

On one occasion, on the *Victoria and Albert* at Cowes, several officers were talking politics, and the words the King heard when he entered the cabin were :

“ . . . and Will Crooks. A positive disgrace to the nation that such persons should be per-

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mitted to enter Parliament. Wretched tub-thumpers ! Unpatriotic and revolutionary ! ”

Evidently it was the end of a longer statement. The King did not prefix his interruption by a single syllable. He spoke immediately and sharply :

“ You are discussing a personal friend of mine,” he said, “ and you are stating what is definitely untrue. The gentleman of whom you speak is a patriot. When did you say you were going to Scotland ? To-morrow ? ”

The Admiral in question was proceeding to Scotland the following week, but he took the hint and packed his traps forthwith.

No man may attack one of King George’s friends, whatever his walk of life, without very sharp and quick reproof !

CHAPTER V

FAREWELL! MY LAST DUTY: DEATH OF KING EDWARD

DURING my activities in the Special Branch I came into contact with many of the great ones of the earth, whose names are household words. To the Special Branch was given absolute charge of arrangements for securing the safety of travelling monarchs and other distinguished visitors: a task which, I can assure you, was exceedingly onerous when fanatics and political refugees, who were known to be dangerous, arranged for their visits to synchronise with those of their particular "*bêtes noires*." Thus it will be seen that from the outset the work of the Special Branch was a thing apart, quite distinct from the criminal detection departments and, whilst "shadowing" had to be effective, it had to be so unobtrusive as to be quite unsuspected.

Necessarily there is a great deal of routine work in the Branch, for to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and much of a detective's work is to report every day on a certain district or a certain number of individuals, however little there may seem to report. Apart from acting as a bodyguard the

Branch is expected to "know" if any attempt on a distinguished visitor or Royal personage is even contemplated. As I shall show, the Special Branch is singularly successful in getting to "know" these things. An important part of the Department's activities lies in keeping a complete record of every movement of every person known to be ill-disposed to the Crown, to the order of things as they are, to statesmen, or visiting personages: this is done with an accuracy and thoroughness that has frustrated more than one calamity.

From a detective's point of view, King George is easy to keep under observation. Some of my most vivid recollections are of watching him as he rode in Rotten Row. Although we did not make ourselves known to those whom it was our duty to guard unless circumstances made it policy so to do, yet such an observant man as the King soon got to know his guardians.

It is not generally known that, in addition to guarding the Royal Family from the attacks of mad people, another and possibly more difficult task for the accompanying detectives is that of keeping back over-zealous and over-enthusiastic subjects and presenters of petitions. People with schemes and grievances have tried all kinds of tricks for getting in personal touch with the King and the Prince of Wales, and one incident I recall must have been, from the perpetrator's point of view, most successful.

The late King Edward prided himself on his excellent memory for faces. He certainly had a positively uncanny gift for picking out people whom he had seen before, and reminding them of the circumstances. Moreover, he was exceedingly quick to arrive at a conclusion and, having made up his mind about a thing, the matter was settled so far as he was concerned. Once, however, he made a serious mistake, but the incident was not without its humour. There used suddenly to appear on the scene, whenever the King moved about, a rather tall, well-dressed man with aquiline features. More than once I saw the King glance at him, though he never acknowledged him. We made enquiries and the intruder was traced to a first-class West End hotel. His name was Y——, and he was an American citizen. In view of the fact that he seemed to take a strangely keen interest in the movements of the King he was specially watched, and stringent enquiries regarding him were made, but there seemed to be nothing wrong. We gathered that he was a travelling American, obviously wealthy, with interests in Morocco, to exploit which he was busy floating some sort of syndicate.

One morning I saw him accompanied by two other gentlemen, and my suspicions were practically allayed, for one of them was a man whose name is still regarded in two hemispheres as that of one of the greatest living financiers. His

companions seemed to set the seal of the utmost respectability on the debonair Mr. "Y" On this particular morning he pushed nearer the Royal carriage than usual, then made a movement sideways and glanced at the crowd in very much the same manner as one of us would have employed had we been stationed at that point. The King had evidently become used to seeing him, and taking him for one of us, gave him a nod and a smile, leaned forward slightly, and said "Good morning," as the carriage passed. The stranger promptly doffed his hat and smiled back, then pronounced the astounding greeting: "Good morning!" The carriage had passed, and it is very doubtful if the King heard the words, but I heard them all right and reported the matter. We all laughed about it, taking it for a piece of America's "traditional" democracy. But a more sinister significance was evident a few weeks later.

A complaint was made that two wealthy Americans had been made the victim of an audacious confidence trick while they were in London. The name of one was never divulged, but from some of the details supplied at the time, I had no difficulty in identifying the great international financier whom I had seen with Mr. "Y" when the latter had so informally responded to King Edward's greeting. The name of the other was given. He was a Mr. "Z" of Philadelphia. He had met "Y" at the West End hotel where they had both

stayed, and "Y" had put up a certain proposition to float a syndicate to exploit his Moroccan interests. Many plans of mines and prospective railways were shown, and glowing reports from engineers had been tabled. Then came "Y's" crowning move. The country was unsettled, and all commercial ventures in Morocco were very risky. What was wanted were well guaranteed concessions, and the ingenious "Y" had a plan even for that.

He produced a quantity of alleged "secret correspondence" between the Sultan of Morocco and the British Foreign Office. The correspondence purported to show a tentative arrangement for the development under British control of the country of the Sultan. This was so startling that it altered the face of all American and French interests in Morocco. Obviously, any one getting in on the ground floor, as it were, before the information became generally known, would make a fortune,—but what was the guarantee that the negotiations would come to anything?

Again "Y" was more than equal to the occasion. He had a letter from the King, his *friend*, guaranteeing that he would use his personal influence to see that Britain undertook the suggested control. The letters were couched in such familiar language between "Y" and the King that the two men with whom he was dealing could scarcely believe the evidence of their own eyes. He evidently saw the doubt that existed, so he arranged a little

demonstration for their benefit. With amazing audacity and ingenuity he deliberately set himself out to copy a shadowing detective. He knew the methods and was so successful that the result was what we have seen; he got the King's cheery "Good morning" and he replied, "Good morning!"

The result was all he could have desired. A man whom the King could pick out in a crowd and speak to, and who could reply familiarly as he had done, was obviously a man who could claim the King's friendship! Any lingering suspicions were allayed, and the two American financiers parted with cheques for fifty thousand pounds to "hold down" the syndicate until full arrangements could be made. Mr. "Y" cashed his cheque, and, following the excellent advice given in the Book of Proverbs that, "*A wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself,*" made himself so scarce that neither the English nor the American police ever heard of him from that day to this. *But I heard of him again!*

My last meeting with Mr. "Y" was during the war, when I was attached to the Intelligence Police at Le Havre. We had a visit from a man who had astounded the secret service of France, America, and ourselves by his audacity and brilliance. He had actually got into the household of a German General attached to the Great Headquarters staff and had obtained information of

unparalleled value. He came to us for an interview, and to give us certain important information. I shall never forget my astonishment and amusement when the man was announced and "Mr. Y" walked in. He did not know me. It is very doubtful if he had ever noticed me. I said no word about my knowledge in the presence of a third party, for, after all, the man had performed such tremendous service for the Allied Cause that the question of his prosecution would have been absurd. There was a war on and the idea would not have been tolerated.

I had an opportunity of speaking to him later on, however, when I saw him in the Café Tortoni prior to sailing for Southampton on the night boat. Amongst the heterogeneous crowd of people and men in the uniform of every Allied nation, including that of the Foreign Legion, I had a chance of a chat with him.

I sat down beside him and opened the conversation by asking him how he liked my chief whom he had seen that morning.

"Very nice fellow—very nice fellow indeed."

"Glad to know that," I replied. "And by the way," I said, jokingly, "how is your syndicate getting on in Morocco?"

"Hell!" he replied, and for a moment was at a loss for further words. "Say—what do you know about that, boy?"

"Almost everything there is to know. I was

there when you claimed the King ! ” I could not help grinning as I watched his chagrin. Of course, I gave him my assurance that the matter was dead as far as I was concerned, and we parted good friends. Later on I smiled again in wonder at this amazing world when I saw an announcement that the French, American, and Belgian Governments had all marked their appreciation of his great services !

But to return to the subject of guarding kings. The late King Edward was ideal for “ protective surveillance.” He frequently drove about the town in his brougham, and it was much easier to keep in unobtrusive touch than if he had used a motor-car. I shall never forget the last days of King Edward. I reported one day at Buckingham Palace and was informed that the King was ill, but that he nevertheless proposed to attend the Command Performance at Covent Garden. It was a great night at the famous Opera House. Tetrizzini was singing, and the King was going specially to hear the famous prima donna. Nor shall I ever forget the tremendous ovation that greeted His Majesty as he moved to the front of the Royal Box. I don’t know whether some shadow of the sad event which was coming so shortly was conveyed to the great audience as they gazed at their beloved monarch, but the cheering that night was far greater than usual. Again and again the standing throng cheered to the echo, and I saw a

gratified smile pass over the King's kindly face—paler than usual that night. Little did that great assembly realise the anguish their smiling monarch was even then enduring.

At five minutes before midnight His Majesty was reported to have entered the west gate of Buckingham Palace, and the late Detective-Sergeant Laurence Seal and myself were the last of his subjects to see him alive in public. A few days later England and the entire world awoke to find itself grievously bereaved. The universally beloved King Edward VII was dead.

CHAPTER VI

THE KING AND QUEEN: CORONATION OF THE KING: SUFFRAGETTES: MR. LLOYD GEORGE— PEPPER SCENE

ON the 23rd June, 1911, their Majesties King George and Queen Mary made the Royal Progress through London to commemorate their accession to the Throne of England. Every police officer as well as officers, warrant officers, nurses and members of the territorial forces and naval units were rewarded for their services on the line of route with the King's Silver Coronation Medal. I have mine along with my Great War decorations. It was on this occasion that several Special Branch chiefs were awarded the Victorian Order in recognition of personal services rendered to Their Majesties during the Coronation ceremonies.

At this time, the Suffragette Movement was at its full strength, and the drastic methods these women employed caused much anxiety to the authorities. Several attempts had been made that I have previously mentioned in my Introductory Chapter to waylay Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Asquith, and other prominent members of the British Government. In fact, both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill had been assaulted, the latter on one occasion by a woman with a dog whip. A man at Gatti's Restaurant in the Strand tried the same trick on Mr. Lloyd George, but on that occasion I was lucky enough to prevent the outrage.

Attempts also had been made by more than one daring member of the movement to waylay the King during some public function, and it was felt that on the occasion of the Royal Progress through London, an incident of this nature was more than likely to happen. Let it be said, here and now, that the men of the Special Branch were, from the point of view of duty, the suffragists' avowed antagonists. Many of us openly declared our sympathy with their aims, but they were fighting against the Government, and if the State did not see its way clear to give women the vote, that ended the argument so far as we were concerned.

I look back with great admiration, not unduly mixed with a certain amount of, shall I say, affection for those hectic days of "Woman's Suffrage." When all is said and done, one has to admit that they were splendid women, these suffragette pioneers. They fought with courage and desperation for their cause.

To the determined and intrepid action of these Englishwomen—and there is no denying the fact—the women of to-day enjoy all they now so familiarly accept in the way of independence and freedom of action.

It was felt that every precaution must be taken to protect Their Majesties from annoyance, and an extra cordon of Special Branch detectives was allocated to the three places where the Royal

Progress was to make a halt: The Westminster City Council, The Councils of Metropolitan Boroughs on the north side of the Thames (represented by the Mayor of Poplar), and the South London Municipalities (represented by the Mayor of Southwark).

All went off satisfactorily until the King and Queen arrived at the Westminster City Hall. Then the fun began.

When the King was half way through his address, two women rushed forward from one of the enclosures allotted to the more favoured sightseers. I was not far off the spot and made a rush at one of them at the same time as a uniform inspector grabbed her when she was about a dozen feet off. She was rushed out through the gangway as fast as we could get her to move: she was a titled woman, and all the time she screamed at the top of her voice: "Votes for women! Votes for women!"

As the uniform men marched her away to Cannon Row Police Station I turned back to regain my position near my chief. As I did so, I saw the second suffragette being escorted out by the uniform staff,—but she had made better progress. She really had reached the King with her petition when she was seized by Inspector Reilly, the Branch detective on duty. This second suffragette was a striking-looking woman named Emily Davidson, of whom the world was destined to hear once again under more tragic conditions.

Some time later, the King, accompanied by the Queen, paid a visit to the Royal City of Edinburgh. In connection with this trip a rather alarming incident caused the Branch some uneasy moments. A letter was received at the Palace, which was handed over to the Yard. Perhaps I should say that all correspondence containing silly requests for interviews or threats of any description, are passed on by the Palace authorities to the Special Branch. The writers are then seen, and if there is reason to think them mentally unbalanced, proper steps are taken to prevent any annoyance arising. I have known of cases where a person has sent a letter to the King which, naturally, has never reached His Majesty, couched in the most pitiful terms and concerning some persecution to which he or she is subjected. In nine cases out of ten, investigation has proved the writer to be more or less mentally unbalanced. This work is a common confidential duty of the Special Branch and, as I have already mentioned, no serious notice is taken of such affairs. Nevertheless, guardian detectives know only too well that the unexpected happens and no risks may be taken.

In this case, the writer gave an address in a good-class quarter of Knightsbridge, and intimated his fixed determination to interview the King,—either in London or Scotland. He said he did not mind where, so long as the King would listen to his proposition, which was some fantastic scheme

for the alteration of the course of the River Thames. I was told off to make the proper enquiries. I remember well the remark of the office detective clerk of the Branch as he tossed me over the docket.

"Here you are, Woodhall—Superintendent's orders for discreet and tactful investigation,—marked out to you." And, with a laugh, he added: "Another of the Cracker Brigade!" A term which signifies persons who are not responsible for their actions.

I soon found out that the man who sent the letter had not long been discharged "cured" from a mental institution, and was under the care of his relatives. I saw one of the relatives during his absence. He was most concerned, indeed alarmed. He was completely ignorant of the particular deeds of this unfortunate member of the family, which had brought him under official notice. He expressed his genuine regret and displeasure at the incident. He then went on to tell me in confidence that his relative's actions of late had caused the entire family a great deal of anxiety and worry.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, the other evening, for no reason at all, he suddenly attacked my father with a decanter he snatched from the sideboard. If my other brother and I had not been there, it is hard to say what might have happened."



Photo : Daily Mirror.

FUNERAL OF KING EDWARD.

The procession of Monarchs at the funeral of King Edward in 1910. The ex-Kaiser, King George V and others are easily recognisable. Two guardian detectives (denoted by white arrows) accompanied the procession. (Left) Sir Patrick Quinn, M.V.O. (Special Branch) ; (right) Ex-Superintendent Spencer.

When I got back to the Yard I reported the result of my enquiry, and there and then received orders to take up observation on the premises, and not to let the man out of my sight for a moment until further orders were given me. It wanted two days before Their Majesties were due to leave for Scotland, and it was not until late on the evening of the first day that I saw my man. He was of the big, burly type, and he would stop suddenly, pull a notebook out of his pocket, and make feverish notes. He did this twice in the first five minutes!

He returned to his flat, however, and I remained watching. He was inside for about half an hour, when he came out and walked in the direction of Hyde Park Corner. From this point he proceeded down Constitution Hill towards Buckingham Palace. There he strolled up and down for some time. Then he crossed to the Victoria Memorial and regarded the Palace for a long time from this angle, all the time making hasty notes in his pocket-book. I think he must have repeated this operation fifty times in the course of the next few hours.

About eight o'clock he left the Palace and went round to Marlborough House, where once again he went through the same performance: staring at the building and making notes. Towards half-past eight he suddenly made up his mind it was time to go and, striding furiously up St. James's Street, he turned round past the Ritz Hotel, and when half-way down Piccadilly on the

way to Hyde Park Corner, he broke into a trot. At first I thought he had become aware that he was being shadowed. By this time I was certain he was a maniac. When near St. George's Hospital, however, out came the old notebook again, and this performance he kept up until he entered his flat round about half-past ten.

The King was due to leave London the next morning so I had no time to lose. Fortunately, my inspector had not left the Yard, and I at once reported to him. "Get there first thing to-morrow morning," he ordered. "Call here on the way and pick the night duty patrol up. Don't on any account let him get within a mile of the King and Queen's departure. Claim him as soon as you see him leave the house. We'll get medical opinion about his state of health afterwards."

The following morning I called early at the Yard to pick up my colleague. He was none too pleased at the idea for he had been on duty all night. Still, orders are orders in the Branch, and the thing, although apparently silly, was too important to disregard.

When we reached the Knightsbridge flat I rang the bell and enquired if our man was at home. I was informed by the maid that he had left early, because he wanted to be sure of a position on the line of route to see the King and Queen off to Scotland. My colleague and I wasted no time. It was a hundred to one against our picking the

man up, but now more than ever we felt we could afford to take no risks.

After a dash to the station in a taxi and a feverish search for half an hour I at last caught sight of our suspect just outside the entrance to the station. He was in an ideal position and it was obvious that, if he was crazed, he could, barring accidents, do almost anything.

There were still ten minutes before the King and Queen were due. Personally, I thought the man harmless, as subsequently turned out to be the case.

With the kindly aid of a uniform inspector, we worked our way inch by inch to where he stood. The uniform inspector pushed a way through and we slipped into the momentary space he left open. People glared at us on all sides for they had been there for hours. Still, we achieved what we wanted, and stood one on each side of the suspect without his being any the wiser. As Their Majesties approached the cheers got louder and louder, and as the Royal car was almost abreast of us I grabbed my neighbour's arm. The effect was instantaneous. He whipped round and, as he did so, the King went by, quite oblivious of the occurrence.

Whether this man really intended any harm to Their Majesties is hard to tell. Later, when the Royal Train was gone I explained to him that we were police detectives and that the reason I had

called his attention at the moment Their Majesties were passing was because I had seen a man trying to pick his pockets ! It is known, however, that some few days later the man went violently insane and ended his life by throwing himself in front of an express train near Croydon Junction.

In May, 1914, the suffragettes made, or tried to make, a concerted rush on Buckingham Palace.

Fortunately the Branch got wind of their plans, and when the Courts were held, every precaution was taken to frustrate their objects. One daring debutante, however, beat everybody, to the great embarrassment of the distinguished assembly present in the Throne Room. She was a member of the Woman's Suffrage Movement, a fact which was unknown even to the Branch. Just after her presentation she was heard to utter quite clearly the clarion call of the movement : " Your Majesty, when are you going to give women the vote ? " In a dead silence that could literally be felt, she was removed by a Chamberlain and handed over to Superintendent Spencer of the Royal Household. Then she was seen safely off the Royal premises. No other action was taken at the express wish of Their Majesties.

Another daring woman got into the grounds of the Palace during one of the Royal Garden Parties, but before she could make any disturbance, she was removed.

I always think the Woman's Suffrage Movement when it was at its height was the sharpest thorn the Special Branch has ever had in its side. I am certain that the suffragettes were more troublesome than all the other problems put together. It was so difficult to know who was or who was not in the movement. Titles conveyed nothing at all. Some of the most honoured and distinguished names in the country were to be found among the huge list of sympathisers. They steered clear of assassination, but they burned down public buildings and churches, waylaid Royalty and Cabinet Ministers, blew up the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, damaged priceless national treasures and pictures, set valuable property on fire, shouted down judges and magistrates, fought and assaulted the police on many and many an occasion, smashed half the plate-glass windows along Piccadilly, Regent Street, and Bond Street, and finally made an attempt to throw the King's horse at the Derby, where, it will be remembered, Emily Davidson was killed.

What worried the Branch more than anything else, was the fear that some demented creature would commit an act for which no possible excuse (except that of madness) could be made. As with all pioneer movements, it was not the really sincere and clever workers who caused trouble but the *fanatics*. Many of these women quite forgot about the vote: it was the excitement and publicity

which appealed to them. A great many of them were well-to-do, and in one another's flats and houses they met and talked and hatched plans to their hearts' content. Often they staged a street pageant, probably when Lloyd George or some other Cabinet Minister was making an important political speech.

Talking of this reminds me of the night I accompanied Lloyd George to the "Paragon," Mile End Road, where he made the famous speech which was afterwards referred to by his political enemies as "The Limehouse Speech." I drove down on the front of the car with his chauffeur. Mrs. Lloyd George, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Murray, and the late Mr. C. F. G. Masterman were all inside. As expected, the crowds lined the roads four and five deep for nearly a mile before we reached the entrance, and it was with great difficulty that we got the car there at all. However, the uniform police of the H. and K. divisions were in full force, and the job was accomplished.

No sooner had we reached the entrance than the fun started. I had hardly got my party into the hall when three or four suffragettes made a rush. The sergeant who had been awaiting my arrival had spotted this contingent and was prepared for it. He drew a cordon of police across the width of the hall, and thus prevented a successful rush being made at Mr. Lloyd George. But he was not in time to prevent an unfortunate sergeant

from catching the full contents of a bag containing half a pound of pepper plomp on the back of the neck. One could not help laughing, though every one within a dozen yards of the "explosion" was shaken to pieces with coughing and sneezing, and, to add to the discomfort, smarting eyes caused all and sundry an unnecessary amount of tears.

I went through several adventures like that with Mr. Lloyd George, in fact all of us who were attached to him or to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill got well used to it! Our time was all taken up keeping our wits and eyes trained on women of all descriptions: we suspected anything in a skirt! In the House of Commons the same sort of thing happened. One afternoon I was called by one of the House attendants to a woman who was in the Strangers' Gallery. He told me he thought she was a "Suff." I knew Mr. Lloyd George was due to make an important speech that afternoon and had settled down for a long wait. However, when the attendant brought this tit-bit of information I went up to see for myself. I was hardly in the Strangers' Gallery before the excitement started. At the top of her voice the suspect sent forth the old war cry; "Votes for women! Votes for women!" I rushed down to where she was sitting, and an attendant did the same thing. The woman was seated close up against the grid, screaming and shouting. The Members of the House were all looking up in amazement.

Her screams were deafening and the business of the House had to come to a standstill while pandemonium reigned. I think the Prime Minister was speaking when the outburst broke, but I really remember only the concentrated gaze of the entire House. I tried, with the assistance of the attendant and a policeman, to get her out of the seat she was occupying, but to our consternation we found she had chained herself to the grid. It was ten minutes before we could move her at all, and a man from the Engineering Branch had to be sent for to cut through the chain links with a file. All the time this was going on she kept up a crazy tirade against the Prime Minister and other members of the House.

On another occasion a bag of flour was thrown from the self-same spot on to the members below. Many of them were smothered. I think it was this incident that gave rise to the famous laugh that went up with a roar from the House during a verbal duel between Mr. Churchill and a Conservative Minister. Mr. Churchill said that an iron grill should be set up in the Strangers' Gallery to prevent "excitable persons" from throwing missiles down on the unsuspecting members below. The Conservative member acidly retorted, that such a thing was out of the question, not consistent with the dignity of the House, and would look ridiculous!

"Not nearly so ridiculous," said the witty

Winston, "as we should look afterwards, sir, if perhaps a bomb were thrown down among us."

Prior to these incidents listeners in the Strangers' Gallery could lean over and look down in exactly the same way as they can from the circle or gallery of a theatre.

CHAPTER VII

THE KING AND QUEEN AND SOME OTHERS

I WAS once attached, with other colleagues, to the late King Ferdinand of Bulgaria during a very brief stay he made at Buckingham Palace. This Monarch, like the German Emperor, spoke very good English, though, of course, not so fluently : nor had he the commanding personality of the Kaiser. While he was here it was his invariable custom to take exercise in the Park each morning on horse-back. During these early morning constitutional excursions he was attended in the way I have already described of our own King.

On two occasions, however, I went with a colleague, when he was out visiting in various parts of London. His trips were always made by motor-car, and would be to such places as New Bond Street (where he purchased antiques and cigars) and Savile Row (where he bought clothes). He was very courteous to all who came in touch with him, and once when I opened the door for him as he got into his car, he lifted his hat and thanked me.

The late King of Greece was entirely different. I had quite a lot to do with him, and shadowed him on many of his informal trips to the East End and on his shopping expeditions. One day in Bond Street he was suddenly accosted by a lady. He had walked across the Green Park from the Palace, and, after making one or two calls, had turned into Bond Street. I drew up beside him at once and was relieved to hear the King talking to the lady in excellent French. I then realised that she was after his autograph, and I watched him write in a small book she had taken from her bag. It transpired that she was a well-known lady who had often met him in Paris, and when she met him so opportunely in London she had taken the chance of getting his signature.

I vividly remember another trip, which is not without its humour. The King of Greece did not speak good English, in fact, his knowledge of the language was very deficient. If I ever had to speak to him I used to address him in French. My inspector used also to speak to him in French, which King George spoke with ease. One afternoon my inspector and I missed him during one of his shopping trips. He was in a taxi-cab, and we were held up in a traffic block while his taxi went on. By the time the stream moved again the taxi we were following was out of sight. We were in an awkward position. Then I remembered that before the King left the Palace we had been

told he wanted to look at Selfridges in Oxford Street, so we decided to take the chance of picking him up again near there. It was only a leap in the dark, but at least it was something.

Almost as soon as we got there I saw the tall figure of the Greek King standing on the pavement talking to the driver. I jumped out of our cab on the run, and as I did so saw the driver of the other taxi get down on to the pavement. As I came up he was talking excitedly to the King. The King recognised me at once, and he gave me a quick smile of relief.

"What's the matter, driver? Anything I can do?"

"Yus! This gent's foreign, ain't 'e?"

"Correct!"

"Well, he's got no dough, and I want my fare."

The inspector paid him and the incident closed. But the driver had made a bad break by being too impatient, for what the King was trying to tell him was that he wanted his services all the afternoon to drive him to Hampton Court.

Some time afterwards I was recognised by the same driver as I was coming out of Scotland Yard.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I didn't know that was the King of Greece I was getting the wind up over. Blimey, I recognised him the other day by his photo in the papers. Why, he could have driven about all day in the old 'bus for nothing if I'd only known." I laughed and told him every-

thing was quite O.K. This incident, I am told, brought him a good deal of teasing from our King and the Prince. The King of Greece was very popular with our Royal Family as, indeed, he was with all who came in contact with him. His murder in the streets of Salonica removed a kind, wise, and good King. My inspector (the late George Riley) received, as a mark of the King's appreciation, a magnificent pin with the initials "G. H." ("George of the Hellenes") in diamonds. My share in the Royal appreciation was a much-treasured gold cigarette case bearing the same monogram.

King Albert of the Belgians was another Monarch who was the personification of courtliness and charm towards all who come in touch with him. I saw him on several occasions during the War when I was attached to the Prince and the King in France, and on one occasion he honoured me by asking me my name and rank. When I reminded him of his pre-war visit to London and the name of my superior whom he decorated at the time, he recalled the incident immediately, shook hands with me and wished me the best of luck. I was thrown in close touch with him while on protection duty some few years before the War.

The duty of guarding him fell mainly on ex-Inspector Charles Frost, but now and again this officer would take me along with him if an additional pair of eyes was wanted. Often I went out first

thing in the morning when King Albert rode with King George in Rotten Row, or sometimes in the afternoon when he would walk across the Park to make a call in the West End. Before he returned to Belgium he conferred a decoration on Inspector Frost, who also received a pin with the letter " A " in diamonds mounted on the Royal Coat of Arms.

During the days of the Balkan Conference at St. James's Palace I had to look after several of the Balkan emissaries. Indeed, in 1912 I was attached to nearly all of them at one time or another ; Roumanian, Bulgarian, Greek, Serbian, and, last but not least, Turkish plenipotentiaries as well. With these delegates great care had to be exercised, for at this time there was any number of malcontent citizens belonging to these countries in London. They would have thought nothing of assassination, if given the chance. That type of man was an ever-present menace. One of the brotherhood was the Armenian, Titus, who shot dead two people in the Horseshoe Public House in the Tottenham Court Road when he ran amok with a six-chambered revolver.

The late Inspector Dan Maclaughlan, to whose memory my book *Spies of the Great War* is dedicated, was one of my dearest friends. He died with his charge, Lord Kitchener, on the 6th June, 1916, in the ill-fated *H.M.S. Hampshire*, but if the authorities had listened to his warnings, it is possible that in 1909 a most valuable life might

have been spared to the nation. I refer to the cowardly assassination of Sir Curzon Wylie, then Secretary of State for India. At this time the Indian Seditionist Movement in this country was at its height. The agitators used to hold meetings at Shepherd's Bush, Bayswater, Notting Hill, and other parts of London, where the overthrow of Great Britain in India was openly discussed. Nearly all of the sedition-mongers were Indians, who owed everything they had of education and enlightenment to the country they were plotting against. Maclaughlan warned the authorities that Lal Dringha was a dangerous fanatic, but his warning was not heeded by the India Office. Just as the late Maclaughlan counselled, so it came about. Lal Dringha on the night of a reception at the Imperial Institute walked up to the Secretary of State for India and shot him dead.

In the old days Maclaughlan and I frequently attended King Edward, King George, and the Prince of Wales, but during the War I moved away from these duties, my only experience being with the Prince of Wales. I was, I believe, the only detective he ever had attached to him on active service.

One of my most poignant memories is of seeing Maclaughlan off from General Headquarters, St. Omer, in France, on that never-to-be-forgotten night in 1916. As we stood yarning on the platform not far from Lord Kitchener's compart-

ment, Mac shuddered as he gazed round the dismal, darkened terminus.

"I've a sort of fancy," he said, "that this Russian trip is going to be bad. I have a premonition we won't meet again, Ted!"

"Nonsense!" I laughed, although I was feeling far from cheerful, and I clapped him on the shoulder. At that moment the stationmaster came up and said to Maclaughlan in French: "Are you ready, sir?"

Dan took a look at his charge, said he was, and hopped into the corridor. For some time I could see him waving to me, as the train slowly moved into the darkness. He was seen still beside Kitchener when the *Hampshire* went down. Poor Dan's foreboding had been true indeed!

CHAPTER VIII

STORIES OF THE EX-KAISER

THERE are so many stories told of the arrogance of the ex-Kaiser, true stories, too, that I am going to relate a story to show that there was a very human side to his character. During his first visit to England he caused enquiries to be made about several people who, he had been told, lived in the German Colony of Soho. He wanted to discover if any of his subjects who had served in the German army or navy were in need of special assistance. He was informed that the daughter of one of these men, a night porter at a leading hotel, was a hopeless incurable, suffering from a rapid consumption as the result of acute pneumonia. The Kaiser asked for the facts to be verified by the Special Branch, and this was done by the late Detective-Sergeant Andrews. The Kaiser's information turned out to be correct. No sooner were the facts confirmed than he gave orders for a Harley Street specialist to be engaged, and he left instructions at the Embassy that no expense or pains were to be spared if a cure could be brought about.

A year afterwards when he came back to this country for the unveiling of the memorial to Queen Victoria, permission was granted by the German chief of detectives for a young German woman to present a bouquet to him as he left the steps of the memorial. The little ceremony took place and the Kaiser spoke to the girl and gave her that charming smile for which he was justly famous. Later in the day I had an opportunity of seeing the German inscription which was attached with black and yellow ribbons to the flowers. "To my Emperor—with the undying gratitude of one of his subjects—whose life he saved." It was from the girl in whom the Kaiser had taken an interest. She had been absolutely snatched back from death. After the most skilled medical care and nursing in London she had been sent over to Switzerland to recuperate. This lady still resides in Soho, is married to an Englishman, and has two sons and a business, which was started on the proceeds of a cheque sent to her by the German Embassy.

There is no doubt that at heart the Kaiser was very kind. I have heard many stories of good deeds done to all sorts of people. When he was in the North of England, he heard of a veteran German who had been a bugler in the Franco-German War. The old man's wife was dying of cancer. I was deputed to make an enquiry, and therefore know the facts. The old soldier had been for years connected with the dyeing industry and had two

sons by a Scotch wife, both of whom were serving in the British Army. He was never regarded as a German by his neighbours among whom he had lived so long. A famous German doctor was sent over to see the old lady. Her case proved to be hopeless, but a sum of £200 was sent to the old couple by the German Embassy at the express wish of the Kaiser.

This, I believe, was typical of the once-mighty War Lord. He gloried in the limelight, loved ostentation, and the panoply of State Ceremonial, but his many good actions he contrived to hide under a bushel.

I often heard of another of his kind actions from my old chief. This occurred in Berlin in 1913. The only surviving son of the King's uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, and the only daughter of the Kaiser were married on the 21st May, 1913. For this wedding King George V and Queen Mary visited Germany, their first trip to Berlin since their accession to the Throne. Macarthy went over with Their Majesties. The visit was fraught with great international significance, for the Czar of Russia was also invited by the German Emperor. To both the English and Russian Monarchs the peace of Europe was of paramount importance, so a cordial acceptance of the German invitation to Berlin was unhesitatingly sent. I will quote from Sir George Arthur's account of the visit :—

“ The King and Queen of England with a

especially large suite reached Berlin on the 21st May, the Czar and the Duke of Cumberland arriving one day later.

“The entry into Berlin of the British Sovereigns was marked by one of the military displays in which the Kaiser’s soul delighted, but of which the German public were beginning to be just a little tired: the crowds on the road to the Castle were chiefly gathered to see the arrivals of distinguished persons.

“Only the ordinary police precautions *were necessary for the advent of the King of England*, but the whole length of the line over which the Czar of Russia travelled from the frontier was watched by the military: the roads and paths leading to the railways were closed, *while a large staff of Secret police agents accompanied their Imperial Master.*”

At the wedding festivities which followed, the spectacle was one of royal splendour. The few members of the Special Branch attached to the King kept close at hand. But the “detective surveillance” surrounding the Kaiser and the Czar, the latter especially, was formidable. The wedding dinner was served in the Rittersal. The Czar, the King, and the Kaiser, danced in turn with the bride. Our Branch men were not even in the precincts of the ballroom; they chose to wait in an adjoining vestibule and adopted the scouts’ motto of “Hearing without being heard—seeing without being seen.” But at almost every window

and door of the huge ballroom a Russian or German detective in evening dress was posted. The place was indeed stiff with police precautions.

The King and Queen spent several days in the German capital. The 1st Dragoons of Guard, of whom at the time our King was honorary Colonel, were reviewed. The Kaiser also arranged a special parade of the entire Potsdam Garrison, himself leading the famous "Garde du Corps" and taking the salute from our King.

During one of their outings in Berlin Their Majesties and the Kaiser visited a hospital, where several American and English patients were lying. One young fellow particularly aroused the interest and sympathy of Queen Mary. He had been a jockey in one of the Continental racing stables and had had a nasty spill at one of the Berlin meetings. He was, so it transpired, due for discharge in several days; but his racing days were over. Nothing more, said the hospital authorities, could be done for him, since his spine had been injured in the fall. As soon as the Kaiser knew that the case had aroused the Queen's sympathy, he asked to be allowed to see the case through, and the matter was left at that. But the King pressed a ten-pound note into his hand and asked him to let his detective know what progress he made.

Macarthy took all the particulars and asked the patient to communicate with him at the Yard if

there was anything he wished sent through the proper channels for the notice of Their Majesties. Some three months afterwards, my chief received a letter bearing the Baden postmark. It was from the injured jockey, who said that he was now well on the road to rapid recovery. True to his word, the Kaiser had had the injured man seen to by the greatest Austrian, German, and French specialists. An operation had been performed, a marvel of surgery, and the result was a complete triumph. All the expense of nursing and convalescence had been borne by the Kaiser, and the jockey was now cured, so that if he wished he could ride again. He was, however, advised not to do so. To complete his kindness, the Kaiser saw to it that the man was found a position with a French nobleman near the racing and training quarters of Chantilly. The jockey is also alive to-day. He is one of the best-known trainers in England, a living testimony of the kind-heartedness of the Kaiser whom he never ceases to remember as the man who helped him when he was broken in health and "down and out" in Berlin.

Another incident of the visit was the release, on Imperial orders, of three British subjects: Captain Trent, Captain Brandon, and Mr. Bertram Stewart. All of them had been sentenced in 1913 for alleged espionage.

I well remember the visit of the Kaiser in 1910, when he came over for the funeral of King

Edward VII. When the Royal funeral was over he made ready to depart. He travelled by special train from Liverpool Street station to Harwich, where his private yacht, the *Hobenzollern*, was waiting. He made a striking, imperial figure as he stood on the platform chatting to the great personages who had come to see him off. There was arrogance in his bearing but sometimes it gave way to a very human smile. When he smiled his whole face was alight with animation.

The train was due to depart, but no one dared tell the Kaiser that he was keeping the train waiting. He chatted on for a few minutes, then turned to an equerry who pointed to the station clock. The Kaiser looked, nodded, then put out his hand and began to say farewell to his friends. Suddenly a man pushed his way through the crowd and with great agility leapt a barrier and made straight for the Kaiser. An officer standing between him and me grabbed the fellow and pulled him back. The little crowd about the Kaiser looked in amazement at the scuffle, but the Kaiser was the least troubled of any one. As soon as he saw the man make a rush he turned slightly towards him and, by what appeared to be an involuntary movement, gripped an ivory stick which he held. "Come on—I'll smash you!" was the look in his face. I always remember that fearless, slightly excited look as he faced the threatened attack. The man was searched, but had no weapons about him. When he calmed

down he said that he only wanted to pay his respects to the Kaiser. He was a German subject, and in his pocket was a large piece of iron-ore. It is just possible he wished to show his affection for his Emperor by demonstrating with that metallurgical sample on the external anatomy of Wilhelm.

CHAPTER IX

SWEENEY AND THE LATE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN FAMILY IN ENGLAND : AN ATTEMPT ON THE YOUNG CZAREVITCH'S LIFE

AS far as I know only two or three Special Branch detectives have ever been to Russia with British Royalty. One I know used always to be attached to the sister of the late Queen Alexandra, the illustrious Dowager Empress Marie of Russia, one of the sweetest and gentlest women I ever met.

Inspectors Riley and Sweeny were the officers who often went to Russia in the days that preceded the war, when, for instance, King Edward VII went to Reval to meet the Czar and the Kaiser. It was Sweeny who guarded the Russian Royal family when they came to this country a few years before the outbreak of the Great War. On this occasion, Sweeny's task was pretty dangerous, because he had to take on the responsibility of protecting the life of the little Czarevitch Alexis, the Heir Apparent to the Imperial Throne of Russia, whose death was sought by every member of the Nihilist Movement throughout the length and breadth of Europe.

Sweeny used to tell of an attempt to abduct this ill-fated boy while he was visiting this country with the Czar and Czarina at Osborne in the Isle of Wight. It was known that the Russian Revolutionary Groups in Whitechapel, Hendon, and Highgate were anxious to make some sort of demonstration of their sincerity to the "brotherhood." And it was thought that the visit of the Russian Royal family would be a fit and opportune time for the test.

They knew they were safe from the dreaded counter-activities of the terrible "Third Section," but, at the same time, they realised that all their plans and plots for the subsequent overthrow of the House of Romanoff would be upset and their comparative security in this country would be lost if they came up against the English police. So the last thing they wanted to attract was the direct attention of the English Special Branch. As long as they confined themselves to purely Russian activities they were practically immune from interference by our people.

Prince Kroupotkin, an intellectual of high standing, set himself resolutely against any plan that might upset the English police. He is known to have said : " We are political refugees, enjoying the freedom of movement and protection of the most just body of public servants in the civilised world ; we plot against our country while enjoying the sanctuary of their humane and beneficent

laws ; it would not be policy for us to incur their displeasure." Some of the younger "hotheads," however, still thought it incumbent upon them to show that if Russian Royalty came to this country they must bear the consequences,—a plot was set going to abduct the Czarevitch.

Sweeny used to go everywhere with the little Russian Prince, even sleeping in the next room to his personal attendant during the short stay he enjoyed in this country. On the day of the attempted abduction a letter was received at the Yard requesting the police to reinforce their watch on the Czarevitch, as an attempt would be made either to abduct him or to something worse.

That same afternoon Sweeny was put on the alert from headquarters by telegraph. While he was in the main street of Southsea, walking behind the Czarevitch and his tutor, he noticed two men following them. To make sure that his suspicions were correct he whispered to the tutor to go into a shop. This was done, and Sweeny planted himself outside and appeared to be looking into the window. In the reflection on the plate glass he could see the two in urgent debate at the far corner of the street. He decided to act.

He slid unobtrusively into the shop as two women came and looked in the window, and warned the tutor to take his Royal charge home at once by cab, as he had seen something which had aroused his suspicions. The tutor, a Swiss,

who spoke fluent English, did not want more than one telling. He knew the responsibility of his post and the ever-present danger of assassins, so he waited only until Sweeny had left the shop, then, with a promptness that did him credit, he removed the Prince out of harm's way.

When Sweeny came out of the shop he took the bull by the horns and went straight over to the Nihilists—for Nihilists he knew them to be—and point-blank asked them what interest they had in the man accompanying the boy in the sailor suit. He was, of course, playing for time in which his Royal charge could get away. His object must have occurred to the two Russians, for, without a second's hesitation, one of them moved off quickly to where Sweeny could see the tutor and the Czarevitch waiting for the cab they had just signalled. He had reckoned, however, without Sweeny, for as he strode off two men unobtrusively pulled him into a side street. They were two extra officers whose job it was to shadow Sweeny, and to act, if they saw him take a white silk handkerchief from his pocket!

The would-be abductors turned out to be members of the Russian Revolutionary Movement, and both were carrying large sheath knives. They refused to give any information about themselves when they were taken into custody, but their object had been too obvious, and they were taken back to London under escort. One of them turned out to be

a very fanatical worker attached to the Russian Nihilist Movement in this country. As he was wanted for bankruptcy offences and his companion for several misdemeanours connected with arson and fraudulent business dealings, it was thought well to put a stop to their activities, and they were sent back to their native cities, Odessa and Riga. Without Sweeny's prompt action there can be no doubt that they would have succeeded in their plan.

CHAPTER X

MACARTHY IN VIENNA WITH THE KING AND QUEEN : EMPRESS ELIZABETH : ARCHDUKE'S SHOOTING EXPEDITION : ARCHDUKE'S VISIT TO LONDON : MACARTHY AND QUEEN : KING EDWARD'S FUNERAL : THE KAISER : HIS PERSONNEL AND SOME REMARKS

WHEN the Prince and Princess of Wales (now the King and Queen) went to Vienna in 1904, the late John Macarthy accompanied them. They arrived in the Austrian capital on the 20th April and the Emperor Franz-Josef at once showered honours on the Princess whose father had made long and frequent visits there. Two days were spent in making ceremonial visits and calls, and wreaths were laid on the tombs of the unhappy Empress Elizabeth and her still more unhappy son Rudolph, both of whom were murdered.

Macarthy used to tell a story of the actual detective who was attached to the Empress at the time of the tragedy. The detective was Xavier Paoli, who was sent her, too late, from Paris. He knew the Empress was expecting to pay a visit to Switzerland and was aware of a gigantic plot

by a group of Italian Anarchists who were prepared and anxious to kill any member of the Austrian Royal Family. He only realised how serious the position was on the very eve of his departure. Frantically he wired his fatal information in the vain hope that some adequate bodyguard would be formed at the eleventh hour to protect the Empress. Unfortunately she had started on her trip without Paoli, and the message came too late.

Paoli went post haste to Geneva and, as his train drew into the station, noticed an unwonted activity on the platforms. Groups of people stood about engaged in excited discussion and with consternation in their faces. He paid no particular attention, however, for he was in a hurry. He hailed a cab and told the man to drive to the Hotel Beau Rivage where the Empress was staying.

They had not gone more than twenty yards, when the driver turned round on his box. "What an awful crime!" he exclaimed.

"What crime?" asked Paoli.

"Haven't you heard? The Empress was assassinated this afternoon."

Livid and scared, the French detective realised that he had come too late. The Empress had been stabbed to the heart by an Italian anarchist as she was stepping on to the 1.40 steamer for Territet. She had dropped quietly down on the Quai du Mont-Blanc; so quietly that the people round her thought she had fainted. They carried

her on board, but when they bent over her they found that Elizabeth—beautiful Empress of the House of Hapsburg—was dead !

It was during his 1904 visit to Austria that the King formed a great and lasting friendship with another member of the ill-fated House of Hapsburg ; the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo in July, 1914, plunged the whole world in a welter of blood.

While shooting at Neuberg the two Royal sportsmen enjoyed complete freedom from publicity. They walked through the wide spaces of violets and pansies, with only their personal attendants following them. A dinner and reception was given at the British Embassy, and a brilliant ball at the palace, where our King wore for the last time the uniform of the Austrian Artillery.

On the homeward trip the Prince and Princess visited the King of Wurtemberg—who, at another great ball, was invested, by order of King Edward VII, with the Order of the Garter.

A return visit to London was made almost immediately by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, on whom the Grand Cross of the Bath was conferred. The Archduke, who spoke no English, was, like many Austrians, on the friendliest terms with King Edward. He had a fine figure, tall and erect, of the type who can be either a warm friend or a bitter foe. Like all our Royal visitors he often went out incognito, accompanied by an



Photo : Record Press.

IN HOLY RUSSIA.

The late Czar Nicholas with the Czarevitch driving in an open carriage at Tsarskoye Selo. The Russian royal family was always heavily guarded by secret police agents.

attaché, and made calls at the West End and other parts of London.

At this time there existed in the Italian and other foreign quarters of London a really dangerous revolutionary element. All the avowed anarchists of Europe who had been hounded out of their own countries by their respective police departments had concentrated in this country. Our Alien Laws had not then been tightened up, and England was a haven for all political refugees. The visit of any foreign monarch therefore brought many anxious moments to members of the Special Branch, especially if the visitor hailed from the turbulent Dual Monarchy or from one of the Balkan States. Indeed, if he came from any part of the Near East, precautions had to be more than ordinarily careful.

It was known that when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand came an attempt would be made by some of the "fraternity" if they could only find out where and at what time the Archduke would be appearing in public. Despite this fact, Macarthy and John Riley took the Archduke safely to many places, and so well did they carry out their duties of discreet "protective surveillance" that on his return to Vienna a special note was made of the faithful services rendered by the Special Branch detectives. A few weeks later Macarthy was sent for and presented with the Order of Franz Joseph, —one of the greatest honours that could be con-

ferred by the House of Hapsburg. It was eight years after this incident, in the year 1913, that the famous detective was awarded the Order of the Red Eagle at the hands of the ex-Kaiser himself.

I have called Macarthy famous at the beginning of my book—as indeed he was! No member of the Special Branch to-day can claim so many distinctions as those which marked the wonderful experiences of this greatest of all “Guardians of the Great.”

In his many years of distinguished service he met and was attached to almost every living ruler on the earth. Kings and Queens, Emperors and Empresses, Princes and Princesses, Presidents, Ambassadors, and Statesmen all came within the field of his duties. Our King and Queen thought a great deal of him, as also did King Edward; and, strange to say, so did the German Emperor and the Crown Prince. Macarthy was, in fact, one of the most popular detectives who ever fulfilled or ever will fulfil duties in Royal circles.

Ex-Superintendent Quinn, M.V.O. (now Sir Patrick), was a great favourite of the late Queen Victoria, King Edward, and Queen Alexandra. The late President Theodore Roosevelt also held him in high esteem. It is possible this very distinguished detective possesses a few more honours, but Macarthy was, I believe, the most popular.

On two occasions I had the distinction of being attached to the ex-Kaiser during his visits to this

country. My first experience was in 1910, when the Kaiser came over for the funeral of King Edward VII.

A cold, contracted at Sandringham on the last day of April, 1910, and neglected so as not to disappoint friends in London, brought an abrupt end to a beneficent life and a wise reign. The traditions with which Queen Victoria had imbued the King, the principle that Royal ailments should, as far as possible, be veiled from the public—a “feverish cold” was the bulletin issued to the Press, but death had set its cold finger on the Peacemaker’s brow and the end was only a question of days. On the 5th of May the Prince of Wales drove to Victoria Station to meet Queen Alexandra, who had travelled night and day from Corfu. Only then did the public realise that something was seriously wrong.

King Edward’s funeral took place on Friday, the 20th May. Soon after 9 a.m. the Sovereign’s procession left Buckingham Palace for Westminster Hall, where the body had lain in state since the day before. It was the greatest gathering of living rulers that has ever met in the history of the world. It is doubtful if history will ever record its like again. The cortège consisted of forty-eight Royal personages, and on either side of the new King rode the Duke of Connaught and the Kaiser. All eyes were on the German Emperor, who looked a magnificent figure. But somehow, the

quiet dignity of our own King made a greater appeal.

Following the suite there came a procession of nine State carriages. The first contained the Queen-mother, her daughters, and the Empress Marie of Russia; in the second were Queen Mary, the Duke of York, Princess Mary, and the Queen of Norway. The young Prince of Wales walked beside the King of Spain; next to him was the Heir Apparent to the Throne of Austria, and next to him again were the Presidents of France and the United States of America. They walked in lines of four. The next four comprised the King of Italy, the King of Sweden, the King of Bulgaria, the King of Norway, and the Emperor or Mikado of Japan. And so the Royal and distinguished cortège of mourners continued in a long line, with the Presidents of the South American Republics at the end.

But to return to the Kaiser. He had about a dozen detectives round him. They were of various ranks and most of them spoke good English. Generally speaking, they were a fine-looking body of men, but too definitely "military" to satisfy our conception of plain clothes officers. They were very polite, diplomatic, and courteous in all their dealings with the Special Branch men. The police of the world know *no frontiers*, a fact which has been brought home to me over and over again in my dealings with foreign detectives.

I was attached to the Kaiser who required, in addition to his own dozen, a supplement of Special Branch men, of whom I was one. The actual lives and personal safety of the rest of the forty-eight Royal personages were entrusted to three men who walked calmly on each side of the procession : Sir Patrick Quinn, Superintendent Macarthy and Superintendent Spencer.

I have seen the German Emperor in all his guises : as the monarch of a mighty nation ; as an ordinary gentleman about town ; and for a few fleeting moments, as a Royal exile.

I have often been asked what the Kaiser was like to look upon in his actual appearance. My answer has always been the same. I consider—and I do to this day—that he was, when I saw him in this country in the years 1910 and 1911, one of the most majestic men it has been my lot to see, and I've seen a few. He had a deep, musical voice, and spoke English with an easy and clear articulation. He possessed a wonderful smile, which he knew how to use. He got all who were attached to him in any way “ down ” with it.

It has sometimes been said that the Kaiser had no sense of humour. I am certain that is wrong, though his sense of humour was accompanied by a peculiar idea of fun.

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on a shooting expedition. A very distinguished company formed the party, and among the guests were the Crown Prince of Bavaria, Herr von Jagow, General von Naldersheim, Baron Kaufmann, and the three Monarchs: King August, the Kaiser, and King Edward.

The hunt servants were clad in green medieval costumes with silver mountings and arms, and the routes taken in pursuit of boar and buck were so arranged as to bring the party within reasonable distance of various pre-arranged camping places. Two camp-fires were lighted at night. The exalted guests sat round one and the servants round the other.

On the second night of the hunt, which lasted four days, an argument was started about the diet of the Eskimo. The Kaiser argued that in addition to seal and whale blubber, they ate bear-meat and dog-flesh. King Edward and the King of Saxony held that the last thing they would dream of eating would be their dogs. Dogs were precious and exceedingly scarce in Polar regions and much too valuable as a means of transport to be used as food. Moreover, King Edward contended that the huskies of the Polar regions were lean, muscular dogs, which would be a mass of bone and gristle. The argument waxed so hot that the servants were referred to, and my friend was asked his opinion. Everybody agreed with the view that dog flesh would be impossible.

Next day at the midday halt a very small buck was seen suspended over the wood fire and an appetising smell greeted the nostrils of the hungry company. The Kaiser excused himself from participating in the meat as he had a touch of stomach trouble, he said, but every one else had a good helping. After the meal, which was washed down with good Bavarian beer and Rhine wine, the Kaiser asked the company how they enjoyed the buck. All agreed that it was excellent, and so it was; my colleague said he enjoyed his portion thoroughly. Then the Kaiser, who had been struggling for some time to contain his mirth, announced to the startled party that they had just eaten a boar-hound! The Crown Prince of Bavaria refused utterly to believe it, but proof was soon forthcoming. The King of Saxony's trembling chef admitted that he had skinned and cooked a hound under the direct and imperative orders of the "All Highest."

The scene that followed was epic. The King of Saxony was promptly and violently sick. The Crown Prince of Bavaria walked out of the camp and ordered his traps to be packed. King Edward remained perfectly placid and made no comment at all, simply attending the King of Saxony in his indisposition. After a time the Crown Prince of Bavaria was persuaded to revoke his decision to depart and the incident closed.

My old friend never knew the actual sequel, but

he was told by the Forest Keeper to the King of Saxony that a very full-blooded revenge was taken by King Edward, King August, and the Bavarian Crown Prince. What exactly the revenge was he could not say, but it had something to do with a live eel and it concerned the Kaiser's valet. The Forest Keeper admitted that he had purchased a live eel which was handed to the Kaiser's valet. The valet was discharged in ignominy shortly afterwards and was employed on the Saxon King's estate. I rather think he must have put the eel in the Kaiser's bath.

CHAPTER XI

STORIES OF PAOLI, THE FAVOURITE FRENCH DETECTIVE: PAOLI, MACARTHY, AND SCOTLAND YARD MEN IN MADRID: THE ATTEMPT ON THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN

IN 1908, after the Prince and Princess (now the King and Queen) had been on a short visit to Paris, the French detective, Paoli, was sent for by the Hon. Derek Keppel just after the train had left the Gare du Nord. He was commanded by Their Royal Highnesses to give them the pleasure of his company at luncheon. In the Royal Saloon were the tutor to our present Prince of Wales, one of the Princess's ladies-in-waiting, the scholarly Frenchman, M. Hua, and Lady Eva Dugdale. Conversation concerned the visit and the impressions received at such places as Versailles, Chantilly, Fontainebleau and Chartres. The Prince of Wales told Paoli he could understand the intense admiration of his father, King Edward, for France and the French people: "I must come and see you more often."

The valet brought the cold lunch into the saloon and the Princess took out the table-cloth, knives and forks, plates, chicken salad, and tumblers.

There was absolutely no ceremony. A servant put out two folding tables, and all helped in the preparation. The Prince looked after the cutlery, Paoli managed the plates, and the Princess herself carved the poultry. While the Prince was opening one of the bottles of champagne, the cork dodged him,—as champagne corks have a habit of doing,—went off like a pistol-shot, and before he could prevent it, wine was all over the Princess's dress. Her Royal Highness laughed it off, saying that the stuff would not stain, and at her request the wine was wiped off her dress with a wet serviette. The incident caused them all much amusement and laughter. As they were about to embark at Calais, the Princess promised Paoli an autographed photograph of the Royal family, and this was sent on to him two days later.

The duty of guarding Royalty abroad always falls to the lot of the Special Branch. Xavier Paoli was one of the greatest foreign detectives known to English Royalty, and to the Special Branch personnel of Scotland Yard. He was then the *Commissaire Spécial Attaché à la Direction de la Sureté Général*. To-day this position is held most capably by M. Charles Sisteron, who, like his predecessor, is well known to all our Royalty, especially the Prince of Wales.

I shall write of him later, but for the present, I will tell of M. Paoli. He was a great favourite and was well known to our present King and

Queen when they were the Duke and Duchess of York in the reign of Queen Victoria. Also the late Lord Stamfordham was very fond of this distinguished, alert, and diplomatic French detective, and never lost a chance to talk and dine with him on the occasions when the English Royal family travelled in France and other parts of the Continent. Much more privilege and favour were extended to him than to our own Yard men, because he was in the singular position of being the Chief of a French Department and the representative of a powerful and friendly nation who went out of their way to place this important police official specially at the disposal of our Royal family.

To the Yard men who went over with the English Royalty Paoli was the personification of courtesy, and I have heard many charming accounts of his unassuming manners towards the Special Branch people. He was very much attached to the late John Macarthy and others, and was at all times careful not to emphasise his own importance and senior position. He was with Macarthy when the King and Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales, went over to Madrid for the wedding of Princess Ena and King Alphonso.

During the King of Spain's first stay in Paris an attempt was made on his life, and on that of the late President of the French Republic, M. Joubert. Paoli, who was always well informed, had received a warning from one of the Paris underworld that

“the King had better be careful when he left the opera that night.” Hosts of anarchists then infested Paris, and the French detective there and then took every human precaution to prevent an attempt on the life of the young Spanish King.

When the President and his Royal guest came out of the opera, Paoli saw them into their carriage personally and took the precaution of having the Garde Republicaine doubled and extra posse of Gendarmerie posted along the line of route. To supplement these body guards he also arranged for an extra squadron of cavalry, but in spite of all his precautions an attempt on the King and the President took place at the corner of Rue de Rohan and the Rue de Rivoli: Both the Spanish King and M. Joubert experienced a miraculous escape from death, owing no doubt to the prompt action of the bodyguard who cut down the assassins as they fired on the distinguished couple.

To return again to our own King and Queen, when they were Duke and Duchess of York, they passed through Calais on their way to Nice to see Queen Victoria. There for the first time they met M. Paoli, who was presented by Lord Stamfordham, Comptroller of the Royal Household. He was then in attendance, with the late John Sweeny of the Special Branch, on Queen Victoria.

The then French President was present, and the occasion had acquired a certain solemnity owing to

the political circumstances of the period. The Queen had a long private conversation with the President, and presently Lord Stamfordham was called over by the Duke. In the presence of the Queen, he stated his pleasure at meeting Paoli.

M. Paoli then turned to the French President and asked him to remember that Lord Stamfordham (then Colonel Bigge), was the gallant English gentleman who accompanied the Empress Eugene on her sad pilgrimage to Zululand to recover the body of her son, the Prince Imperial, who had been killed while fighting for the English. The French President bowed, and resumed his conversation with the English Royal group, but just before his train was due to leave he beckoned to Paoli to call Lord Stamfordham to him. In deep sincere words and with a shake of the hand he said, "As a Frenchman, I wish to thank you for the devotion which you have shown to one of our fellow-countrywomen in circumstances so terrible for her. You behaved like a man of heart. I congratulate you."

The next time Paoli met our Royal family was after Queen Victoria's death, and the King and Queen were then Prince and Princess of Wales. They were on their way to India, and from Calais, at the express invitation of the Royal couple, Paoli travelled in their compartment to the Franco-Italian Frontier at Modane, where his service ended and was continued on by our own Branch men.

On the next occasion he and Macarthy accompanied them right through to Madrid for the Spanish Royal wedding. Both detectives realised they were up against unknown forces. They had distinguished charges to guard, and both were in the invidious position of being in a foreign land without the resources of their own police organisation. It was one of the most difficult and onerous tasks ever set two men in the whole annals of special police work. Although the Madrid police said they would do all they could to help their foreign police colleagues, not much assurance was felt at this apparently genuine offer. Both detectives knew that the city was swarming with the scum of the revolutionary world and that the system and methods of the Spanish police left a lot to be desired.

In attendance on the Prince and Princess of Wales and on Princess Ena, was a detachment of officers of the 16th Lancers. These gentlemen split themselves up into personal bodyguards, some being attached to Princess Ena, and the others to the representatives of the Throne of England. The French and English detectives also decided to adopt this plan, so Paoli attached himself to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Macarthy to the Princess Ena. The English detective therefore had the mission of following in the train of the King and Queen of Spain from the church of Los Geronimos, along the line of route to the Palace,

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while the French Chief of Police had to look after the English Royal couple at the church and at their subsequent departure for the Palace.

After the wedding ceremony had taken place, the Royal couple, according to plan, entered the third coach, while in the fourth, fifth, and sixth were seated the various Royal guests from other countries who had been invited for the marriage. Following beside the fourth carriage came Macarthy, while on each side of the bridal carriage marched four Spanish soldiers. Outside these again, level with them, and on the fringe of the crowd, rode the picked officers of the English 16th Lancers.

The wholly unforeseen, yet expected and dreaded attempt at assassination happened before one could draw breath. A deafening and tremendous explosion seemed to Macarthy to occur on the other side of the carriage from him, a foot, no more, so it seemed to him in that awful instant, in front of the Bridal coach. Instantly everything was pandemonium. Screams, shrieks, yells, shouts, and orders were heard on every side. Horses plunged and reared, shied, kicked, and bolted in terrified alarm. Plunging through the maze of mixed horses and horsemen Macarthy made straight for the door of the Royal carriage, revolver out, prepared for the worst and for all emergencies.

The scene that met his eyes as he came on to the scene of the explosion beggars all description, human beings and horses lay dead and dying all

round. But with a joyous bounding of his heart he saw that the bomb intended for the King and Queen had missed its object : they were safe. In quicker time than it takes me to pen these lines, the English detective had the door of the coach open at the same moment as two or three of the English cavalry officers arrived.

To the bewildered and stunned young King and Queen it must have afforded some relief to see these welcome uniforms, and for the Queen to hear the tongue of her Motherland, and the English question : " Are you hurt, your Majesty ? "

As he helped her from the carriage the English detective could not but help seeing that on the train of her bridal gown were ominous splashes of blood : the life blood of one of the unfortunate bodyguard who had been blown to pieces.

The King and Queen were at once put into another coach, and drove the remainder of the journey to the Palace to the cheering and shouting of the packed crowds of people all along the line of route. So localised had been the confusion, that two streets further on the Spanish public were unaware of what had happened. The bride and bridegroom bravely smiled and bowed all the way back, and according to Macarthy's account, were " simply marvellous." Up to the very gates of the Palace the Queen kept her composure ; then, as soon as she was out of sight of the public, she fell into the arms of the King in a dead faint.



Photo : Topical Press.

MURDER IN MADRID.

The attempted assassination in Madrid of the King and Queen of Spain on their wedding day shocked the world in 1909. Although the royal party escaped, several of their attendants were killed.

The Spanish police soon started to work to trace the assassin and in this task Macarthy was asked to help. It was discovered that a man had arrived from Valencia who was known in Paris and Rome for his violent revolutionary views, and that he had been seen in Madrid on the morning of the marriage by Paoli. This information was followed up by the Spanish authorities, and it was found that this man was the actual anarchist who had thrown the bomb from a top balcony which was attached to a room he had taken specially to carry out his fell purpose.

A comb-out of the Spanish capital then took place. It was known that the assassin had not left by train, but after nearly two days' exhaustive search it was felt that he must have left the city by road. The man's description had been circulated throughout Spain, and the famous Civil Guard took up the hunt separately from the detectives who were already engaged on the matter.

The end came one afternoon when two of the Civil Guard challenged a man of whom they were suspicious in an outlying suburb of Madrid. He replied to the chief officer's request for information about his identity, by pulling out a revolver. A second officer, seeing the danger, fired from his mounted position and shot the man dead on the spot. It was the anarchist. Papers found on him satisfied the authorities that this was the man who had tried to kill the King and Queen of Spain,

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and who instead had killed about ten other persons.

Quoting from his memoirs, the letter which the famous French guardian of English Royalty received on his retirement runs as follows :—

Marlborough House,
Pall Mall, S.W.

February 28th, 1909.

My Dear Paoli,

Your letter to me of the 24th inst., has been laid before the Prince and Princess of Wales, who received with feelings of deep regret the announcement that you had asked for and obtained permission to retire.

Their Royal Highnesses are indeed sorry to think that they will never again have the advantage of your valuable services so efficiently and faithfully rendered, and which always greatly conduced to the pleasure and comfort of their Royal Highnesses' stay in France. At the same time the Prince and Princess rejoice to know that you will now enjoy a well-merited repose after forty-two years of an anxious and strenuous service ; and they trust that you may live to enjoy many years of health and happiness.

Their Royal Highnesses are greatly touched by your words of loyal devotion, and thank you heartily for these kind sentiments.

As for myself, the thought of your retirement reminds me that a precious link with the past and especially with the memory of our great and beloved Queen Victoria is now broken.

I remember so well the first time we met at Modane when her Majesty was travelling to Italy, and you will ever be inseparably connected in my thoughts with those happy days spent in Her Majesty's service in France.

I can well imagine what interest you will find in writing your book of reminiscences.

Good-bye, my dear Paoli, and believe me to be,

Your old and devoted friend,

Arthur Bigge.¹

¹ Subsequently Lord Stamfordham.

CHAPTER XII

THE KING AND QUEEN IN PARIS : REMARKS ABOUT ANARCHISTS : KING'S ACCIDENT IN FRANCE

THE last visit our King and Queen paid abroad, was the last trip of John Macarthy. This took place on the 21st April, 1914. It was to Paris, and their Majesties were making a state visit to President Poincaré and the people of the Republic.

Scotland Yard was becoming fully alive to the ever-increasing menace of German espionage in our country, and France before the war was a veritable hot-bed of spies.

Political tension between the great Powers was gradually becoming more and more strained, and the rumblings of Armageddon could be heard by those whose ears were trained. The assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Heir Apparent to the Throne of Austro-Hungary, was the flame which every one dreaded and for a time refused to see.

It was felt between the respective police detective departments of France and England, that if the undercurrents of evil forces in the hostile nations wanted a chance to destroy the strong friendship of the "Entente" powers, there could be no

better chance than letting a madman or fanatic loose in the streets of Paris when the King and Queen of England paid their official visit.

Both the Yard and the Paris police were more than apprehensive, and every one vested with authority gave a sigh of relief when the Royal trip was over. However, there were one or two incidents which occurred and which are worth recording. It came to the knowledge of Macarthy that an attempt was to be made on the French President's life when our Royalty was to visit him in Paris. The news came to him from a certain Frenchman in Soho, who was an informant, and who mixed with a violent lot of hot-heads in a club off Charlotte Street.

Many of these "frothy" individuals deserve no notice at all. Their utterances against Rulers and all forms of constituted authority was no more than wordy bravado, and proceed from vanity, bluff, conceit, and some imagined grievance against humanity in general. Nearly all these so-called revolutionaries come from the dregs of alien countries, and not more than one in every dozen is educated. Further, if ever they are properly tackled or confronted by a Branch detective they are absolutely dumb and cowardly. I have dealt with scores of them in my time and consider this type of malcontent the worst class of human one can run up against. Yet, nevertheless, there are a few who do not come within this classification.

There is, for instance, the real anarchist, or revolutionary, whose fanaticism is just on the border-line of sanity ; a second type is actually over the border-line though still too harmless to be called insane unless worked up and invited by strong-willed agitators. Then "for the cause" he will assassinate his rulers. History has proved over and over again that it is the "half-wit" who is the actual assassin : the other "stronger" brothers are too concerned about their own skins when it comes to action ; they prefer to agitate.

Well, about five days before the French visit was to come off, this informer "came over" with a voluntary statement that a certain Frenchman had gone back to Paris to attempt the life of the President. Serious apprehension was felt when it was known that the man in question was a little bit "soft" and it was thought that he was the kind of man who should be either ignored or placed under arrest without loss of time. Anxiety was deepened when it was known that he had been seen in the company of a well-known member of the German Secret Service. The information was too significant to pass by without immediate action.

A "check-up" was made on his movements, and it was found that he had left for Paris on the night boat. It was now the 21st and, if once he got to Paris without his whereabouts being known, there was no telling what might happen. The Paris detective staff were informed by wire and

were given full particulars and description of the suspect. For the moment the English police could do no more.

At last the eventful day arrived and the King and Queen were due to leave. No word had been received from the Paris police. It was with mixed feelings of anxiety that the Branch men alighted at the Gare du Nord as the train, its engines decorated with English flags, drew into the station. The official presentations were rapidly made, and the Guard of Honour drawn from the "Garde Republicaine" was inspected.

Immediate satisfaction and relief were felt when it became known that the French police had traced the man and put him into a place of safety until the Royal visit was over. The alarm raised by the Branch was quietly laughed at by the French, because it was known that the man came from a Paris family of "soft" people. However, in deference to their English colleagues, they had taken the precaution of certifying him as incapable—the French have a way like that—and he had been put into an institution until the medical authorities thought fit to set him again at liberty!

I was told some few years ago, however, that this "incapable" was one of the men who figured in the murder of Franz Ferdinand, and if that is true one can, in the light of subsequent history, possibly trace the hand of pre-war Imperial German secret service that organised the thing.

During the time our Royalty were in Paris the King reviewed the Paris Army and undertook many journeys through the capital to the tumultuous, enormous, and genuinely enthusiastic crowds, that roared a hearty welcome all along the line of their triumphal route.

The King paid his first visit to the front in 1914, but on this occasion I was not within sight of him, because I was serving as a private soldier with my regiment, the Cameronians, of the 19th Infantry Brigade.

But early in 1915, I was transferred to our Intelligence Police, and in the capacity of a Sergeant of Intelligence, had much work and responsibility of many peculiar varieties. In October of that year, I was on duty in the vicinity of the King's Review, though I had nothing to do with his personal protection. Indeed, protection was not required, for the King was safe with his troops. In the crowded streets of a foreign city those who were attached to him were to the best of my recollection, the late Inspector Clancey, and one or two who are at present serving members of the Yard.

I am aware that what I relate is now history, but I chanced, however, to be an eye-witness of that unfortunate accident when the King was thrown from his horse. He kept his seat perfectly, but the animal slipped in the greasy mud, and fell over on the King's body. Generals jumped from

their horses and the King was picked up and carried to a motor-car. But the man who had the honour of doing this was not a general but one of the soldiers of the rank and file—a soldier who in peace time was a policeman of the “A” Division named George Walker. I wish to place this on permanent record, as titled biographers have a funny habit of ignoring facts of this description.

The King was placed in his car, and it was seen that he was seriously hurt, though he was still conscious. Further down the road the men cheered again and again as he passed in his car, not realising that any accident had happened. Next day an ambulance passed through the streets of Lillers on the way to the hospital train. It was one of the ordinary ambulances in which there was a daily traffic of wounded, but there were few who guessed that beneath the closed flaps lay, not a Tommy from the trenches, but the King of England!

CHAPTER XIII

THE PRINCE OF WALES : SOME ACCOUNTS OF HIS EARLY YEARS IN PUBLIC LIFE

SPEAKING from the point of view of an ex-Special Branch Detective and also as an ex-member of the Intelligence Police on active service, I can claim first-hand knowledge of what I write. As a guardian detective, I was, in the pre-war period and through the early active service days, closely attached to the Prince of Wales for special duty upon many occasions.

Volumes have been written about the Prince of Wales. His famous tours have been recorded and nearly everybody has had an opportunity of seeing his all-winning smile. I do not propose to add to those volumes, but simply to record a few hitherto untold stories about His Royal Highness whom I personally guarded before and during the war.

One story remains in my memory. The young Prince, I am informed, was in the chair, so to speak, at a solemn conference of his brothers and sister in the nursery. They were deciding no less a question than the Coronation present they were to give to their father, King George V.

All sorts of suggestions were put forward, but

finally the Prince carried the day with his idea. He had set himself to find some article of beauty which should not only be worthy of the occasion but should also be something that his father would use often.

He knew that at eleven o'clock every morning the King had a tureen of soup taken to his room, and this gave him his inspiration. His proposal, eventually carried, was that the children should present the King with a golden soup tureen with a Crown engraved upon it, or imposed on the top of it, and his initials engraved on it. They were all agreed.

Now it must be remembered that the Royal children had only a small amount of money. The Queen was a firm believer in teaching her children the value of thrift, and only allowed them very small amounts. To buy the gold tureen meant weeks of economy and scrimping, and the Prince realised that there was now no indulgent grandfather to supplement the "ways and means" department surreptitiously. But nothing was too good for his father on this great occasion, and the tureen was purchased and duly presented. The King was more than pleased. He was deeply touched, because this was a spontaneous gift. Nobody had given the children their idea, and in order to mark his great appreciation he made an order which has since been rigorously carried out, that no other vessel than the golden tureen

should ever be used to bring his eleven o'clock soup. I am given to understand, that even to this day, no matter where the King is, *the tureen accompanies him and is used at eleven o'clock each morning.*

One night when the Court was at Balmoral the young Prince gave everybody a scare. He had gone for a day's fishing on the Dee and with that amazing skill which he was to demonstrate so well later on, he contrived to give his escort the slip. They searched for him for hours, but could not find him. Not daring to return to Balmoral without him, the Inspector telephoned every half hour to see if he had returned, but no! At last he was run to earth in a tiny, wayside hostelry miles away, surrounded by admiring Highlanders. He was in his element, listening to tales of the days of old which had been handed down faithfully from generation to generation. He laughed when the detective told him of the search he had had. Ultimately when the officer returned, he prepared a report stating that he had missed his way.

The Master of the Royal Household took the report with a smile when it was presented.

"Very excellent," he said, "but I think I would put it in the fire if I were you. You are absolved."

Evidently the Prince, with characteristic honesty, had told exactly what had happened.

In the family circle of the Royal Household the

Prince of Wales is always referred to as David. It is the last of his seven Christian names. Besides being Prince of Wales he is Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Earl of Carrick, Baron Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

On June 11th, 1911, Prince Edward was installed at Windsor as a Knight of the Order of the Garter, and on July 13th His Majesty undertook a visit to Wales for the investiture of his son as Prince of Wales in Caernarvon Castle.

After the King had invested him with the ancient title of Prince of Wales, the Prince spoke in English, but at the end of his speech—and this touched the hearts of all who heard him, and which was received with tumultuous applause—he spoke in the national tongue.

“You greet me,” he said, in the ancient mother tongue with ‘Croesaw’ (Welcome) and so let me end by saying, ‘Diolch o waelod fy nghalon i hen wlad fy nhadu’ (Thanks from the bottom of my heart to the old land of my fathers).”

Even at this Royal function, the suffragettes of those times could not keep quiet. For just as the King and Prince were leaving the daïs, one of the Special Branch detectives fielded a big bouquet of roses that was about to be thrown at them as they passed. It was the same old story—a beautiful floral offering attached to which was

the yellow and mauve colours with an inscription on a card, stating, "Your Majesty, why don't you urge your Ministers to give women the vote?"

Later on when this was shown to the Prince he smiled and said: "I think their cause is just—I hope they will get what they want."

When the word "detective" is mentioned the average man conjures up a picture of that great hero of fiction Sherlock Holmes, with his high forehead, aquiline features, hawklike eye and uncanny knack of deduction. The average police detective of real life bears but little resemblance to this type, he is *usually* quite unlike the Sherlock Holmes type, a fact which is an advantage because after all this type of man is really quite *unlikeable*.

In pre-war days I, with other officers of the Special Branch, was often sent off on confidential commissions. On one occasion I was sent for by one of my chiefs to motor with him down to Oxford. At that time the Prince was an undergraduate at Magdalen. It was suspected that a certain woman, who was known to be harmless but mentally unbalanced, might accost the Prince and cause him unnecessary annoyance if she met him out in any of the principal places in Oxford.

Fortunately, the official concern was unjustified, as the poor creature was taken off to an asylum. In any case, it gave me an excellent opportunity

to come in near contact with the Prince and to be accorded the honour of an interesting chat with Sir Herbert Warren. The Prince recognised my chief. He knew him as one of the personal attendants of the late King Edward and the King and Queen. He stopped and spoke to him while I stood some distance away out of ear-shot. After about five minutes' conversation the Prince went off, smilingly acknowledging my salutation and raising his hat as he did so.

Some few weeks later I was again on duty with my chief. As I left his office he called me back and said, "You recall my conversation the other day with His Royal Highness?"

I said, "Certainly, Sir—why?"

"Well the Prince condescended to take an interest in your personal appearance. He remarked, 'That from what he had read about detectives by certain authors and authoresses you failed to come up to type!'"

To no other sport except yachting and horse racing have kings and princes of England shown so much favour as to golf. It is the royal and ancient game, and one in which the Prince takes keen interest. In 1913 he used to play on the course at La Boulie by Versailles, as he does to-day at Le Touquet. He never makes a fuss. Any number of little French lads have caddied for him, and *a propos* of this fact, the Prince tells the following amusing incident:

An eminent and distinguished French gentleman used to play golf with the Prince from time to time and his little son learnt who was his father's distinguished opponent. Seated one day at luncheon, His Royal Highness said, "Your little son tells me he caddied for us this morning."

"Dear me," said the other absent-mindedly, "I *thought* I had seen that boy before somewhere !"

CHAPTER XIV

THE PRINCE OF WALES :

SOME ACCOUNTS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND,
LONDON AND FLANDERS.

DURING an acute crisis some time ago in our industrial affairs the Prince went to the North of England to see things with his own eyes, among the suffering families of the distressed miners. This was an action very typical of the Prince, who always wants to see for himself. A miner named Jim Robson showed him round. "Come and have a look at this!" Robson would say. The Prince always responded. He saw and spoke to six men who between them had earned only twenty-five shillings in a week, an average of four and twopence for each man on which to support themselves and their families!

He went into the hovels; he saw the women, the babies, the children, the misery, and filth, with no companions but Robson and his personal detective. For hours he plodded through the mud, and listened to the stories from the lips of these, the poorest of his countrymen, poor through dire misfortune.

I have it on first-rate authority that for many hours each day the Prince could not speak to any of his

personnel. The sights he saw affected him so much that he could not bring himself to talk about it, yet he doggedly pursued his investigations with eyes that glistened with compassion as he saw the starved children and worried mothers of the North Country coalfields. He was heard to mutter : " This is awful. I'll have something to say when I get back to London." The first thing the Prince did on his return was to aid the distress fund *by the entire sale of all the horses in his valuable racing stable.*

The Prince's fancy was much taken by a Cairn terrier belonging to one of the miners. He was informed by its owner that " Jock " could kill three rats in twenty-five seconds, allowing the rats a clear run from the trap. " Some dog ! " said the Prince. " Still it's quite possible. I've got three first-rate ratters myself, all Cairn terriers."

The Prince's terriers are named Cora, John, and Hamish. They have the run of all the state-rooms in St. James's Palace. When the Prince's car arrives at York House and draws up at the small green-painted door, these little animals make a concerted dash to meet their beloved master. They know and can distinguish the sound of the Prince's car from all others.

On June 14th, 1914, in conjunction with other officers I accompanied the Prince when he visited his Cornwall Estate in South East London. We reached Kennington, and outside St. Anselm's

Church two thousand children sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Children approached him with bouquets of flowers, women crowded around him just for the pleasure of speaking one word, and on all sides the greeting was sincere and tumultuous.

Standing near the Prince I heard the following amusing dialogue between him and one of his Cockney tenants.

"Yer 'Ighness, a lot of us ladies would like yer to come round and collect the rents."

A great roar of laughter went up, in which the Prince joined with great good humour. Then with a flash of ready wit he replied :

"Well, judging by the many pretty faces of some of my lady tenants, it's a job that one day I may consider !"

The Prince has a keen sense of humour, a quick wit, and a fund of rich reminiscences. Here is a story I heard him tell at the Savoy Hotel not long ago at a meeting of the Lucifer Golfing Society.

"We are all agreed that golf is a very fine game, and it is very important when at a golf dinner to give a golf story," said the Prince, "I know some very good ones but I do not think I can tell them here !" (Loud laughter.)

"With Lord Lonsdale's permission, however, I will tell you this," he went on. "We have a good many motor accidents in this country. I do

not know whether they are due to bad motors or to bad drivers, but anyway a small boy witnessed an accident one week-end and was put into the witness-box.

"The learned judge asked him, 'Do you know the nature of an oath?'

"The youngster grinned with a flash of white teeth, and winking at the judge replied: 'Yes, my Lord, ain't I your golf-caddy?'

The private life of the Prince is guarded. It is to the credit of our Press that they respect his confidence.

When the Prince went to the North of England he had one of the most distressing weeks of his life. "Boys, this is not going to be a circus," he said to the reporters on the first day. He was facing an array of men with notebooks, men who took photographs for the press, men with big movie cameras.

"Don't follow me about . . . I want to see things for myself."

He did. After the first day all attempts to fête the Prince *were abandoned by the social climbers who had attempted to entertain him.*

Every night the Prince went back to his "head-quarters" as he called it. He went back nearly disheartened. He had a lot to think about. What was the remedy?

The North Country saw the same Prince of Wales who, ten years previously, used to visit

the trenches in the front line, seeing things for himself, braving the perils, ignoring "brass hats" who spoke of danger, mixing with the Tommies. It was the Prince who wanted to know the facts.

Can you wonder at the manhood of the Empire loving him?

During his recent visit to America, he chose to dance with an exceptionally beautiful girl at a ball given in his honour at Panama. An American lady of social importance with veiled reproach informed him that the partner he had chosen was only an assistant in an haberdashery store. With a flash of his blue eyes and even teeth, his laughing reply came: "An assistant in an haberdashery store? Well! It must be a rattling fine haberdashery store."

Who does not recall his record in the World War? To me, it will remain my most cherished memory. He frequently visited various commands, fraternised with the Tommies, sat on the floor with them, swapped jokes and recounted stories with many of the rank and file. Dr. Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina, official biographer of George Bernard Shaw, recounts the following amusing war-time story:

"One day an American officer was reconnoitring in the war zone when he met a pleasant-faced boy in the uniform of a British subaltern.

" 'Who are you?' he challenged.

“ ‘The Prince of Wales,’ the young man replied.

“ ‘Sure,’ replied the American Colonel with an accent of derisive scepticism.

“ ‘Who are you, sir?’ asked the young man.

“ ‘Oh! I’m the King of England,’ replied the officer, ‘beat it. Time you were in bed.’

“Some nights after the two met in a Red Cross Hut and the American officer was visibly embarrassed on learning that the young man was really the Prince of Wales.

“With a twinkle in his eye, the Prince of Wales waved him a friendly greeting and called out cheerfully: ‘Hello, Dad!’”

In 1915 I was suddenly ordered to report to the Intelligence Offices of Sir William Poultenay, Third Army Corps at La Motte au Bois. Detective-Sergeant Leo Gough, of New Scotland Yard, had been ordered away to Marseilles for special duty on the Mediterranean Lines of Communication. Whilst doing duty there I often came into contact with His Royal Highness—who at that time was staying at the Brigade of Guards Headquarters, Merville. He used to walk about Estaires, La Gource, and other big towns behind the firing lines as though he were no one but an ordinary subaltern.

Many and many a time I have seen him stop and chat to some Tommy. It would be interesting to learn if any of my readers who were in that section of the line at this period can recall the Prince’s free and easy way of strolling around,

He was the idol of the troops, though they never fêted or made much fuss about him. They regarded him as a soldier. Many a time I have heard the remark, "Look Bill, there's the Prince! Blimey, he's a lad. No swank about him."

Often the Prince would go into one of the shops and make a purchase. I saw him on one occasion at Bethune walk into an estaminet where some officers and Tommies were making picture postcard purchases from one of those turn-stile arrangements that can be found in stationers' shops all over the world. He was immediately spotted, all stepped to one side and saluted, making way for him. Not so the Prince. Acknowledging the salute, he smilingly told them all to "carry on."

In Bethune the Prince was billeted with M. Danel and his wife in the Rue de Pot Etain. This spot was constantly being shelled, as the enemy by some means or other must have learned his whereabouts. I have been told that when the Prince left this billet, swarms of officers dunned the old couple for plates, cups, saucers, serviettes or any article that they could purchase which the Prince might have used.

Some bright French lad "tumbled" to the boom in souvenirs, collected all the old crockery he could find, and sold to advantage.

That's the "inside" story of the souvenirs told to me only just recently by one of the leading

journalists on the French Press. Let's hope this doesn't meet the eye of someone who purchased an *actual* article off that French boy—purporting to have been *used* by the Prince of Wales during his stay in this particular billet during the Great War.

CHAPTER XV

THE PRINCE IN PRE-WAR GERMANY AND AS A MAN OF BUSINESS AFFAIRS

I WAS brought intimately into association with the Prince of Wales when he returned from Germany in March, 1913. It was a State visit and there were many parades and ceremonies. The guarding detective had been strictly charged before he departed that he must keep an extra sharp eye on the Prince's movements, because there was already a distinct coolness of feeling between the two nations. Ten German detectives were appointed to assist in the task of guarding the Prince, but I don't believe there was any serious danger. The crowds in the streets cheered him enthusiastically as he moved about.

One Sunday during the visit, the Prince had determined to visit some English friends of the Ambassador's and was keenly looking forward to the little break. At the last minute, however, the Kaiser arranged for him to attend a performance of "Aida" which upset the plans completely. That afternoon at the Opera House, which was packed to overflowing, there occurred an incident which annoyed the Prince intensely.

The English and German National Anthems were both played. The music is, of course, the same, but the chorus sang first the German and then the English words. While the German words were being sung the cheering was deafening. As soon as the English words were being sung there was a certain amount of desultory cheering, then almost silence during which a number of officers in uniform in the stalls laughed loudly, in a jeering manner. The Kaiser was horrified. He instantly whispered an order to an A.D.C. and immediately three or four men in the gallery were arrested. But it was not in the gallery that the hostile reception had arisen and the Prince knew it !

During that visit the Prince visited two clubs exclusively used by officers of German crack regiments and though on the first visit his reception was coldly correct, the charm of his manner and his delightful personality did their work and before the evening was over the officers were toasting and cheering him. On the second visit he was splendidly welcomed and a great evening was spent. The regimental band played popular airs, including a song then very popular in Germany, *Popchen du bist mein Augensterne*, which had a very excellent chorus. The Prince joined in the chorus with the rest and it seemed as though there could be nothing but friendship between the two nations. However, my fellow-detective then attached to the Prince, told me that though there was never

any hostile demonstration, and though the crowds cheered, there was a certain tension in the air, difficult to define, which showed that all was not well.

When the Prince left Germany there was a huge crowd to witness his departure; the guard of honour was duly inspected and farewells were said. Just before the train started the Prince noticed a man in civilian clothes standing behind the barrier cheering and waving his hat. He was an old man with a white beard and he wore on his coat the two African medals and the Egyptian Campaign medals. The Prince asked that he might be presented to him. A German Colonel went straightway to bring him. He turned out to be an English ex-soldier employed in a chemical works in Berlin. The Prince said a few words to him and asked how he fared. The man replied that he was comfortable and thanked the Prince for his graciousness, then, on impulse as it were, just before he went, when the Prince was shaking hands with him, he leant forward and said in a hoarse whisper: "We'll have to fight them, Your Highness. We'll have to fight them!" The Prince smiled and bade him good-bye. I often wonder what happened to that man when war broke out. He proved a good prophet.

After that I was again brought in personal contact with the Prince when he was made an Honorary Member of the Ancient Golf Club of

St. Andrews. He intimated that he did not want to be followed, and that my superior and I were *to make ourselves scarce*. We took him at his word, but to our consternation we found that he had left orders to say that he had gone back to town alone in the car of one of the members.

I have often heard it said, and I have also read, that the Prince is the living prototype of his grandfather, King Edward the Seventh. He is, in many striking respects, the counterpart of this wonderful monarch. He possesses the same social graces, the same ingenuity and tact when handling new and solemn responsibilities. But here the resemblance ceases.

His late grandfather was fastidious in his tastes, and conservative in the choice of his intimate friends—with a strong leaning to the importance of Regal atmosphere. The Prince of Wales is diametrically opposed in every way. His astonishing popularity and sincere public affection which is universally lavished upon him are due to one trait—and one trait only—his genuine democracy. He talks openly and frankly. It is curious that the people who know the Prince best of all—the reputable officials, as also the journalists of our great national press—are never tempted to write intimate accounts of him. *There have been so-called biographies written*, but not any of them will ever do a tenth of justice to his natural sterling qualities. Only those who have been near and

associated with him and heard the constant clicking of cameras at every turn can appreciate the daily ordeal of his every movement being recorded.

Behind the Prince's relations with the State and with the Empire and behind his public life lies an intricate and highly efficient business organisation with its dynamic centre at York House, and concerned with the management of his vast estate, extending over 130,000 acres in London, Cornwall, Devon, Wiltshire, Somerset, Berkshire and Hertfordshire. It is here that the offices and official secretariats cluster round the small section of the building which constitutes the Prince's living quarters. Those quarters consist of an office, a bedroom, bathroom, dining room, reception room and two sitting rooms, one of which is a private room where the Prince rests and entertains his personal friends.

His office is a middle-sized room, plainly furnished with a large mahogany flat-top desk.

His Highness usually rises early—in the summer at seven. By nine-thirty a.m. he is at his desk, unless he has some public engagement necessitating his presence at this early hour. The letters that reach the Prince each day come from all quarters of the world. Personal, State, Governmental, public patronage, appeals and communications concerning his own Duchy of Cornwall. The Prince runs his own estate, and he sets aside at least two hours a day for consideration of these

matters. He is a good landlord and attends to business matters with the utmost shrewdness.

As long ago as 1914 nearly 300 representatives of the civic authorities from Germany, France, America, Italy and other countries visited Kennington, South East London, and paid tribute to the efficiency combined with artistic merit which they found there. The Prince of Wales, in fact, was the first of the Royal holders of the estate to sweep aside the barriers of his high office and approach his tenants as landlord with a personal interest in their welfare. Since the Prince has attended personally to his own estate his income has increased by nearly twenty-five per cent.

The revenue of the whole Duchy of Cornwall Estate is nearly £250,000. From this sum £200,000 is set on one side for running costs, repairs, charities, and pensions, £50,000 being paid into His Royal Highness's privy purse.

Among the principal men in the Prince's Household is Sir Godfrey Thomas, his private secretary. All correspondence and interviews fall to him, unless the matter is something the Prince wishes to deal with personally. To be a private secretary to one of the most important men in the world is no sinecure. Yet Sir Godfrey tackles and surmounts all difficulties with consummate skill. An iron rule at York House is that every letter received must be acknowledged the same day.

Even when a full answer is not possible, a formal acknowledgment is always sent.

Sir Godfrey attends to all the Prince's speeches, and it should not be forgotten that His Royal Highness addresses all sections of the community, and his speeches must be in harmony with the conditions, audience, and subject under discussion.

The next important member in the Prince's Household is Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey. He it is who arranges and plans the Prince's tours, and the functions and ceremonies he attends. He is the Prince of Wales's Comptroller and Treasurer. Sir Lionel arranges the itinerary of all the tours and journeys undertaken by the Prince weeks and sometimes months ahead. On his shoulders rests, too, the final responsibility for the safety of the Prince's person on travels at home and abroad. All domestic affairs come within his province, and he budgets for expenditure and makes all disbursements from the Prince's private purse.

The third of the Prince's chief attendants is Brigadier-General Trotter, his groom-in-waiting. He it is who accompanies him on all his travels. He is the shield between the Prince and the too burdensome contact of the world. Many a time I have seen him accompanied by the Prince's personal detective, doing the work of six; perhaps preventing the Prince from being slapped on the back by men with an excess of hearty loyalty, repelling the mass of humanity which threatens

literally to overwhelm his master in its enthusiastic embrace !

His further duty is to keep the World's Press supplied with authentic information about the Prince, to receive Press visitors of all countries, interview would-be writers, callers and reporters.

During the Suffragette campaign of pre-war days, an incident occurred at the Hotel Metropole on June 16th, 1914. The Prince was to attend at a dinner held by the officers of the King's yacht. It was his first appearance at a gathering of this kind, and a large crowd had assembled to cheer him on his arrival. As the royal carriage drew up at the entrance to the hotel, a woman rushed out of the crowd with a loud cry of "Votes for Women." The Prince did not move from his seat, he simply sat smiling, as we pulled her away from the carriage door. His quiet smile, so friendly and good-humoured, seemed to say, "Keep calm. You will get the vote in good time. Patience is a virtue." And to the roar of affectionate cheering he passed into the hotel, while the woman turned away abashed.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PRINCE'S WAR-TIME ADVENTURES IN FLANDERS AND THE PEACE-TIME ADVENTURE OF THE STABBED CHILEAN

IN the early days of 1914 the Prince of Wales begged Lord Kitchener to let him go to the Front.

"Your Highness must learn a little more about soldiering," said the Commander-in-Chief.

"Well, I have brothers if I am killed."

"Quite so!" said Kitchener. "If you are killed, I can't help that. But I *can* help the possibility of your being taken prisoner. That possibility in this War weighs considerably with me. So I'm afraid you will have to make yourself contented here at home."

Eventually, however, the Prince broke down the opposition of the stern old soldier and on the 16th of November, 1914, arrived at Boulogne with the rank of Lieutenant for active service with his unit, the Brigade of Guards.

One day in 1916, I was informed from Corps Headquarters that his Highness had gone into the town of Hazebrouk. Jumping on my motor-cycle I raced off in the hope of picking him up, and

arrived at the market place to witness the following incident and hear the following war story from a highly-placed officer.

The Prince and another officer of the Brigade of Guards were talking to a group of Tommies. Photographs from home were being shown to him and he examined all that were handed him with keen interest. One good-looking cockney soldier seemed particularly to take his fancy and he listened attentively as the man displayed his photographs.

"Who's this gentleman?" said the Prince, pointing to a picture in the Tommy's collection.

"Oo? 'im, Sir?" said the Cockney Tommy. "He's not a gentleman. It's me farver!"

The Prince struggled hard to restrain his laughter at this amusing reply. "Well, boys, I must be going," he said, slipping something into the soldier's hand. "Here's a good picture of *my father*!" and as the Prince turned away the delighted Tommy displayed the gift to his comrades—it was a One Pound Treasury note bearing the engraved head of the King of England.

When a party of soldiers, including the Prince, halted one evening after a strenuous march from the line, it was discovered there would be a shortage of billets, and that the Royal Lieutenant was without a bed. Immediately many officers offered to resign their billets in favour of the Prince. "No! No! soldiering is soldiering. I'll be

quite comfortable on the floor here, if I can get a couple of blankets," said the Prince, and, disregarding their entreaties, he threw down his knapsack on the floor for a pillow, laid a blanket beneath him, and with a second and his "British-warm" as a cover, was soon fast asleep with his comrades—tired out.

On July 2nd, 1930, Dr. Jules Prestes, President-Elect of Brazil, arrived at Victoria. Hours before the special train brought him from Dover thousands of people lined the approaches of the station. On the platform, which was covered with a great carpet of red and gold, stood the Prince of Wales in the full dress of a Colonel of the Welch Guards, and wearing the broad blue ribbon of the Garter across his chest. The Prince shook hands warmly with Dr. Prestes and introduced him to many of the important and distinguished personages present. Outside, a guard of honour played the Brazilian National Anthem as the party entered an open carriage.

Among those present I noticed the Prince's personal detective, the late Detective Inspector Burt, who accompanied the Prince when he visited the Argentine in August and September, 1925. On his visits to the great and growing nations of Spanish America the Prince has done much to promote the most cordial relations between them and the peoples of the British Empire. During his last tour the responsibility

of safeguarding the Prince fell as usual on the shoulders of Burt, and no member of the Prince's party was more pleased than he when the *Repulse* reached Portsmouth.

The Inspector's most trying ordeal occurred whilst the Royal Party was snowbound in the Sierras at Los Andes. Half an hour after the special train had arrived, the Prince set out for a tour through the squalid streets of this primitive town, accompanied by his equerry and followed by Detective Burt and a Chilean police official. As the Prince was passing the door of a dingy wine shop, shouts suddenly came from within and a young man lurched into the road directly in front of the visitors. Close behind followed an older Chilean with a broad-bladed knife in his hand. The younger man, his face distorted with pain, stooped and snatched up a large stone, which he flung at his pursuer. As he did so it was seen that the waist of his trousers was deeply stained with blood. "He has been stabbed," exclaimed the Prince, quite unmindful of his own danger. The Inspector, however, was fully alive to the situation and instinctively advanced towards the glowering attacker, who, seeing that he was now outnumbered, retreated into the wine shop, and promptly bolted the door. It was only then that the Prince's custodian dared lend his Chilean colleague assistance with the wounded man, who died a few hours later in hospital.

There is no more popular figure among the ranchers and cowboys of Western Canada than the Prince of Wales—the only Cowboy Prince the world has known. The men of the Cattle Country look upon him not as the Heir to the Throne, but as one of themselves. “Sure, he’s just a regular fellow,” they say, “one of the boys!”

He is a practical rancher and stockbreeder, and when he finds time to visit his ranch he works there as arduously and keenly as any of the cowboys. Up with the sun, he dresses in cowboy kit, eats with his fellow workers at a simple oak table in the log-built ranch-house, and then climbs into the saddle for a day’s work. His cattle-brand is “E.P.” (his initials) and this gives the name to his ranch. The E.P. Ranch is at Pekisko, Highwood River, some seventy miles south of Calgary, with the rearing peaks of the mighty Rockies plainly discernible to the west. The Prince rides for miles, sometimes alone and sometimes with his headman or a cowboy. In the care and rearing of his cattle herd he displays keen interest, and is, according to his foreman, an adept cowboy.

The Prince’s Shorthorn cattle and Shropshire sheep, which have been bred from stock sent out from England, are the pride of Alberta. The ranch consists of 1,600 acres of rolling prairie. His nearest neighbour lives twenty-three miles away and supplies are obtained from a trading

of interrogating the Prince fell as usual on the shoulders of Bay, and no member of the Prince's party was more pained than he when the Republic visited Denmark.

The Emperor's man, trying ordeal occurred while the Royal Party was snowbound in the Sierra de las Juntas. Half an hour after the ordeal was held over, the Prince set out for the capital via the squalid streets of this primitive town, though the squalid streets of this primitive town, accompanied by his equerry and followed by Detective Bar and a Chilean police official. As he was passing the door of a dingy one-story house, a man suddenly came from within and, with a long knife, rushed into the road directly in front of the Emperor. Close behind followed a man with a broad-bladed knife in his hand. The younger man, his face distorted with rage, stopped and snatched up a large stone with which to lay a false pretense. As he did so, we were told the man of his trousers was deeply stained with blood. "He has been stabbed," exclaimed the Prince, quite unmindful of his own danger. The Emperor, however, was fully alive to the situation and instinctively advanced toward the young man, who, seeing that he was not recognized, turned into the wine shop and promptly hid in there. It was only then that the Emperor's man turned and led his Chilean colleague outside with the wounded man, who had a few hours later in hospital.

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store forty miles distant. The Prince dispenses with all show and ceremony when at his ranch. He is only too glad to be free from formality.

He was busy in his cattle sheds one morning when word was brought to him that an Army officer with a squad of soldiers had arrived from Calgary and were ready to take the salute.

"Tell them the E.P. Ranch is not a parade ground," was his reply, "and if the officer wants a job to keep him occupied, then we'll find him one!"

When the Prince first arrived at his ranch he was received as a new "Chief" by all the local Indians. Duly clad in feathers and buckskin they formed an escort for him from the little prairie station. The Prince of Wales was invested as a Chief by "Little Thunder" of the Stoney Indian Tribe, and bears the name of "Chief Morning Star."

During the visit to London in 1930 of the Canadian Mounted Police I went to see one of them, who was attached to my police squadron in France. He told me that several of them knew the Prince quite well out in Canada, and one trooper told me a very interesting story of the Prince's Canadian life.

"One morning I was riding in towards my post near the E.P. Ranch, when I came across a rider. In our part of the world, you know, we may go for hundreds of miles and never meet a living

soul, and when we do it is our invariable custom to speak to each other. Well, I came up with the rider and called out 'How d'you do!'

" 'Great,' came the reply, 'but I wish I had such a thing as a pipe of tobacco. I've forgotten to bring out my pouch. I did not find out until I was a long way from home.'

" 'Sure,' I said, 'help yourself, old pal, help yourself,' and I handed him my pouch. It was then quite dark. 'Now may I trouble you for a light?' he said. I struck a match and bent over my saddle towards the stranger, and as I did so the flame lit up his features. For the instant I did not know what to say, I was so surprised.

" 'You'll excuse me, Your Highness, but in the dark I was unaware whom I was addressing. I hope you'll excuse me.'

" 'What for?' came his reply. 'Seeing that I've helped myself to your precious little stock of baccy, I hope that you will excuse me.'

" For the next few miles he and I chatted on the return to his ranch, and before I left him he asked me my name. Two days after I received a parcel brought to my post by one of the cowboys from the Prince's ranch. It contained a pound of the best tobacco.

" No! I shall never smoke that tobacco. It remains my most cherished souvenir," and with that my friend bade me good-bye.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PRINCE OF WALES: HIS ACTIVE SERVICE DAYS IN FRANCE

IT is not generally known that the Prince of Wales saw a great deal of Active Service. In fact there is every reason to believe that he saw much more of fighting conditions than others in a less exalted position. On the eve of his twenty-first birthday he was in France with the fighting forces. There was a congratulatory dinner given to him by his brother officers, but beyond that nothing further. In fact, the Prince asked that all congratulations should be postponed until the conclusion of the war.

I have seen him on innumerable occasions in all quarters and sections of the firing line and at any number of places in the fighting zone. Such visits cheered the Tommies and Officers, giving them proof that our future King was anxious to bear his share of the worries, troubles and dangers of Active Service. There were not many sectors along the Allied Line that the Prince did not visit. By that I do not mean riding in a car and visiting the respective Headquarters, but going into the trenches and *seeing things for himself*.

On one occasion he crawled over 200 yards to a listening post, taking his chance with the rest of us.

The Prince of Wales, indeed, saw war in all its horror. He experienced a keen loss in the death of his chauffeur, whose name, I think, was Green, who had been attached to him since his last year at Oxford. The explosion of a shell ended his servant's life during the battle of Loos.

At Laventie, the Prince went through the harrowing ordeal of a terrible shell barrage! With General Wardrop he took shelter in a house, with detonating crashes and ear-splitting explosions going on for over half an hour. An exploding shell is no respecter of persons. So it will be apparent that if risks were taken, the Prince took his with the rest. But the authorities tried to restrict his movements as much as possible on all sides.

To a man of the Prince's spirit it was natural that he should dislike the restrictions imposed upon him so that he should not run unnecessary risks while he was serving with the British Army at the front.

He longed to be with his regiment in the trenches. But, instead of being allowed to go into the hottest danger-zone, he found that divisional generals to whose care he was entrusted were made responsible for his personal safety, and that they were not inclined to take any risks in the matter.

I recall one incident very vividly in the Ypres sector. The Prince, with others, occasionally about this period came out for constitutional jaunts upon horseback, and, in consequence, I had to be always prepared. In this instance, mounted, I was following discreetly the movement of my charge. Heavy fighting had been proceeding in the Salient for several weeks. The Prince went to visit a clearing hospital, and he had been warned not to proceed further.

After he had visited the hospital, however, he learnt that a regiment of which he was honorary colonel was in the line or in the reserve line, and when he came out of the hospital, instead of turning back towards Divisional Headquarters, he led off in the direction of the forward trenches.

Just before this I had been smartly taken to task by the late Major John Solano, an Assistant Provost Marshal, for permitting the Prince to get into danger, and I determined in this case to make an effort to stop him. So I communicated my information to a very highly-placed Staff Officer at General Headquarters, and was ordered to "shadow" his Royal Highness.

I was told not to speak, nor to answer any questions should my Royal charge, by any unforeseen incident, address me. Further, I was ordered not to show myself. *Yet I was answerable to Headquarters for his safety!*

By now we were well within the shell area.

Shells were falling regularly a mile to the right, and away on the left could be heard the constant rumble of artillery.

A mile further along the road, and we were in the danger zone. Transport ended in a huge depot, and only horse and foot traffic was possible from that point by three different routes to the support trenches. A transport officer saluted, and two battalions, fallen out resting by the roadside, got up and cheered the Prince for all they were worth. He waved and nodded gaily.

"Your Highness," said the officer, "I have a message from the Army Commander for you!" He handed the Prince a message.

I do not know what it was, but the Prince smiled, nodded to the officer, who seemed on the point of saying something more—and rode on!

I followed. By now we had passed our own artillery, and guns were thundering behind us, shells were bursting only a short distance before us, while a little further on a black line of smoke and recurring frequent puffs denoted the hell which is called "the line."

A little further and two shells dropped in a field by the roadside, a field which looked like an enormous nutmeg grater. Another shell.

Just here was a regiment of "Aussies" waiting to go up to the line; they were carrying full kit and extra bandoliers of rifle ammunition. When they recognised the Prince a mighty shout

went up, they got on their feet and cheered with voices which combated valiantly with the thunder of guns.

The Prince was so busy paying attention to them and acknowledging their cheers that his horse, increasingly frightened at the din and the cheering, got out of control and bolted with him.

My heart went into my mouth ! I galloped after the Prince. All the early horrors of the riding school, all memories of John Gilpin's ride, could not compare with that jaunt !

The Prince's horse galloped over shell-holes, across wide gaps, over a broken fence, in its frenzied fright. My animal was well-trained, but it jibbed three times at wide leaps, and at the fence it caught a hoof in the wire, and I was shot off ten feet clear !

I picked myself up, remounted, and again took up the pursuit. Many of the Australians were now in full cry after the Prince, and they had the pleasure of watching his Royal Highness subdue and control that fear-maddened animal.

Those who have criticised the Prince's horsemanship would have changed their opinion if they could have seen that piece of superb horsemanship within sound of the Ypres guns.

When he rode back past the Australians they broke into tumultuous cheering and shouts of approval.

"He's a digger !" "Good for ye, Prince."

"My hat's off, Prince!" These and many other fervent and spontaneous shouts greeted him.

The Prince took out a cigarette and found he had no matches. An Australian ran forward with a lighted cigarette, and the Prince leant forward and accepted the light, to the great delight of the Aussie and his friends.

When we got to Brigade Headquarters we found that the Regiment the Prince had sought had been relieved that morning, so all the danger was run in vain.

Two more vivid war memories of the Prince occur to me. The first was when he paid a visit of a week to Lord Haig (then Sir Douglas) on his famous train. The train was magnificently fitted out. The coaches were painted a sort of dull grey on the outside, and looked rather drab, but inside everything was magnificently arranged.

There were a conference room, a study for the Field-Marshal, saloons for his personal staff. There was a room in which Sir John Cowans sat, another for Sir Philip Sassoon and Prince Francis of Teck, respectively the private and military secretaries of the Commander-in-Chief. There were sleeping rooms, bath-rooms, kitchens, dining-rooms, rooms for the staff, a wireless room, a telephone exchange—everything one could think of as being necessary for a Commander-in-Chief in the Field.

The Prince, when he arrived, found the Field-Marshal out, but several members of the Staff

came forward to show the Prince over the train.

"No, no," protested the Prince. "Don't let me interrupt your work." Finally, I believe it was Sergeant Secrett, Haig's batman, who showed the Prince over the train. When he had seen all he turned to the Sergeant: "Jolly fine place you've got here!" he said. "A jolly sight better than many of the billets I've had to scratch about in, I give you my word!"

I remember falling in behind a certain Provost-Marshall who was accompanying the Prince for a short constitutional the next morning, and on the return we met the Commander-in-Chief, who was taking his usual ten minutes' walking exercise before breakfast. The Prince and the Field-Marshal greeted each other cordially, the Assistant Provost-Marshall just standing by as they conversed. On the way back to Headquarters my officer told me what had taken place.

"Well, what exactly is the length of the leading-strings to-day, sir?" the Prince said laughingly.

"Leading-strings?" repeated Haig, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes," replied the Prince. "I always get my 'card marked,' as the fellows on the racecourses say. I must go no further than here, no more than two yards to the right of there, only a yard and a half past position X and so on. I have got quite used to it."

“And, of course,” said the Field-Marshal, with a sly twinkle, “you have kept rigorously to your instructions, I take it?”

“Well,” said the Prince hesitatingly, “I have endeavoured to.”

The Field-Marshal laughed. “I have made no order,” he said.

Then he spoke gravely: “After all, your Highness is of age. You realise the responsibility of your position, and you realise the responsibility of mine, especially as appertaining to your Highness. With that sense of responsibility I leave you—and, of course, trust to you to look after us both!”

As a matter of fact, during his stay with the Commander-in-Chief, the Prince more than once deliberately refrained from one or two expeditions which might have led him into danger.

Soon afterwards, however, when near Merville, he travelled in a staff car, and made his way towards the front line. I followed on a motor-cycle.

The shelling was heavy just in front, and the driver had instructions not to approach beyond a stipulated point on the map. But the Prince himself took the wheel, and in a road block managed to separate the car from my following motor-cycle. I followed the route he should have taken, but traversed several miles without overtaking him.

I made inquiries of soldiers coming the other way. They told me they had met no staff car.

I knew then that the Prince must have dodged into into another road at the traffic block. I doubled back and went along the other road at the fork. I had not gone far before I ran into a regular hail of long-distance shelling. The road before me was impassable for a car. My heart was in my mouth. What if the Prince had fallen ?

I lifted my machine over the shell holes, and wherever possible rode on. At last I came to the Prince's car. It was empty ! Had it been struck ? No ! I could see it was only damaged. But where was the driver ? A few yards further I could see the common sight of a heaped-up ring of earth and crater caused by a shell.

Black misery filled my heart. I would have put a bullet through my head rather than go back and report what had happened. While I was searching the wrecked car a cheery voice from some distance away called out :

" Hello, sergeant ! They've done it this time, haven't they ? "

Standing under a wall with the driver was the Prince. He had left the car with the driver to speak to a wounded man who was being taken down by the wayside, and while the car was deserted shelling commenced, every one rushing for shelter.

The Prince laughed at the adventure, but I was so shaken that it took me all my time on my way back to collect my nerves. His Highness went back to Headquarters upon my motor-cycle.

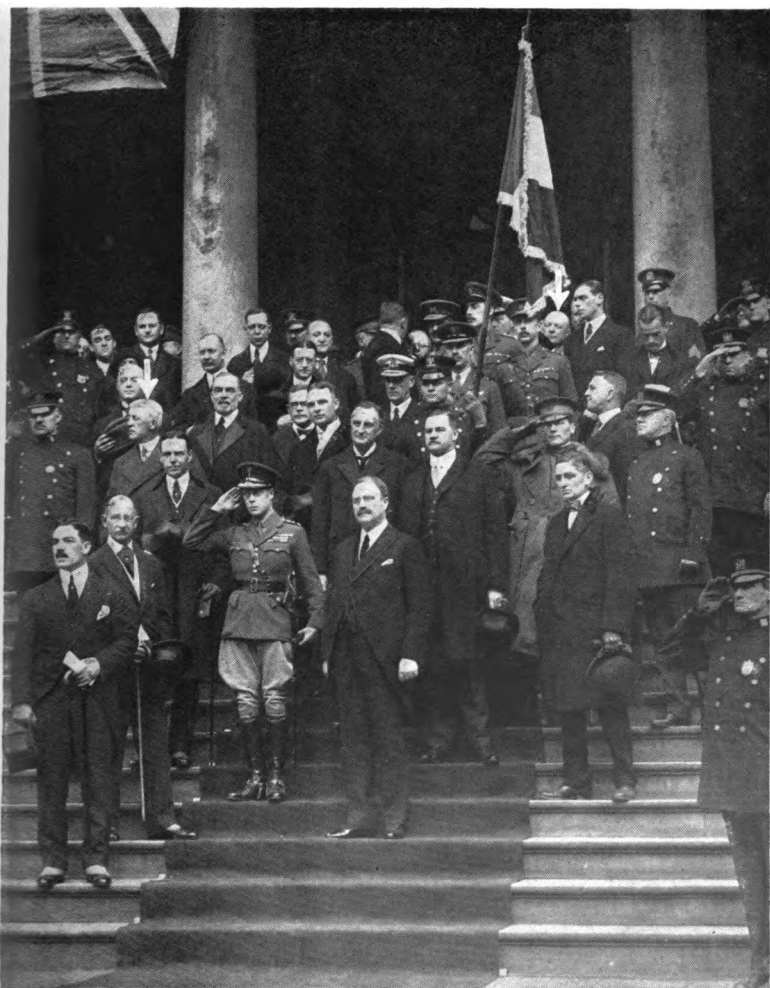


Photo : General Photographic Agency.

THE PRINCE IN AMERICA.

The Prince of Wales taking the salute at a review during his visit to America. His guardian detectives are denoted by white arrows : (Left) Bill Nye, of the U.S. Federal Secret Service ; (right) Ex-Supt. Edward Parker, of the Special Branch.

At the Guildhall in 1919, when he received the Freedom of the City, the Prince said: "The part I played in the War was, I think, a very insignificant one, but from one point of view I shall never regret my period of services overseas. *In those four years I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood.*"

On the 10th of August, 1916, the King paid a visit to a recently captured sector near Fricourt. He was accompanied by the Prince, Lord Rawlinson, and others of the General Staff. As they were going along the Prince drew the King's attention to a small mound of clay, marked with a steel helmet and simple wooden cross, bearing the epitaph written in pencil, "Known unto God." It was the grave of one of His Majesty's Tommies. It marked the last resting place of an unknown British soldier. The King advanced, bent down and read the message, with his head reverently uncovered. Then, as though in prayer, he remained perfectly still for about a minute, stepped back, replaced his cap, and saluted. The Prince and the whole party followed his example.

Here's a story I heard at Gommecourt on the Somme, on July 16th, 1916, from the 56th Division, to which the Prince was attached. Cockneys are noted for their quick wit and love of a joke even under the greatest hardships. Two Cockney soldiers were told to follow and guard the Prince through a nasty sector where shelling was constant.

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The Prince seemed utterly oblivious of danger as he quickly made his way along the trenches. One of the Cockneys turned to the other with a lugubrious face. Jerking a thumb at the Prince he said, "Blimy, if 'e gets killed 'e's all right. But wot abaht us?"

On one occasion I saw the Prince follow the course of an aerial combat with great enthusiasm. For over half an hour the machines fought. One of the French planes went down in flames behind the German lines. Then an English plane came down in our own lines, leaving two enemy planes to settle with their only remaining opponent—a French machine. The manoeuvres of the intrepid French aviator were magnificent. By a master stroke of strategy he rose above one of the Fokkers, opened fire and, in a roaring glide, down came the German plane in flames. The end was most thrilling, and the chances seemed very slight for the French machine. After an epic fight the German machine was forced to the ground near Bois Grenier, about four miles away.

I arrived in time to see one wounded German being taken away in an ambulance, and another lying under a blanket on a stretcher. The German pilot had fought bravely, but a bullet through the heart had brought him down. With his binoculars the Prince had followed the whole course of the action and was soon on the scene. Jumping from his car, he walked over and warmly congratulated

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the two French airmen on their plucky fight. One of the aviators was Gunemeyer, the famous French "Flying Ace," who, it will be recalled, brought 79 German planes down, before death subsequently claimed him near Lille, where he was fighting against overwhelming odds.

It was quite usual to see the Prince talking to members of the rank and file. He would pass his cigarette case round, and I have seen him take a light from the cigarette of any one near at hand, private or officer. He fared the same as all his brother officers in the Mess, eating what was given to him.

It is not generally known that the Prince of Wales actually participated in the battle of Neuve Chapelle. On the 15th April, 1915, Sir John French sent the following dispatch to the War Office:—

"To Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener of Khartoum.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is the bearer of this dispatch.

"His Royal Highness continues to make most satisfactory progress.

"During the battle of Neuve Chapelle he acted on my General Staff as a Liaison Officer.

"Reports from the General Officers Commanding Corps and Division to which he had been attached agree in commending the thoroughness in which he performs any work entrusted to him.

"I have myself been very favourably impressed by the quickness with which His Royal Highness has acquired

knowledge, of the various branches of the service, and the deep interest he has always displayed in the comfort and welfare of the men.

"His visits to the troops, both in the field and in hospital, have been greatly appreciated by all ranks.

"His Royal Highness did duty for a time in the trenches with the Battalion to which he belongs.

"I have many other names to bring to notice for valuable, gallant, and distinguished service during the period under review, and these will form the subject of a separate report at an early date.

"I have the honour to be Your Lordship's most obedient servant (signed) J. D. P. French, Field-Marshal, Commander-in-Chief, the British Forces in the Field. April 15th, 1915."

The Prince is a "true blue." To illustrate his tact and good fellowship, I will relate a story which has its setting at the National Sporting Club during the War. The Prince was on short leave from France. Now at that time there was an organisation in being, of which Lord Beaverbrook was the moving spirit, to entertain American and Canadian forces in London. This excellent organisation arranged for theatrical performances, boxing contests, dinners, and all manner of entertainments as well as private entertaining for our Western Allies. It was patronised by His Majesty and the Princes. Amongst the supporters of the organisation was Mr. "Jimmy" White.

A boxing match had been staged at the National

Sporting Club, and the Prince and Prince Henry were in attendance. Mr. James White was late. He had been expected from early in the evening, but he had failed to appear. Very late, just as the Princes were taking their departure, "Jimmy" White arrived.

His manager saw at once that the financier had been dining rather more well than wisely, and tried to get him aside lest he should offend the Royal guests. But Mr. White was a very forcible and commanding gentleman. With a wave of his arm he had his manager aside and went straight up to the Prince of Wales: "Hello, Your Highness," he greeted him, extending his hand—which the Prince took with a grin,—“How have you enjoyed yourself?”

“Fine, thanks,” replied the Prince.

“And how about your brothers?” asked Mr. White in his rich Lancashire brogue.

Prince Henry smilingly acknowledged that he also had enjoyed himself.

“That’s the stuff!” said “Jimmy,” while the little group of sycophants gasped. Then he put a confidential hand on the Prince of Wales’s shoulder:

“Don’t forget to tell your father what we’re doing for the boys!” he admonished him. The Prince burst into laughter and shook hands again.

“Sure,” he said. “Good-night, old chap!”

And the incident passed off with perfect good humour all round!

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PRINCE OF WALES : AN ACCOUNT OF HIS
TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA : HIS
DASH HOME FROM AFRICA TO ENGLAND DURING
THE KING'S LAST ILLNESS : GENERAL REMARKS
ABOUT HIS PRIVATE PERSONNEL IN FRANCE AND
OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD

EXCEPT in France and Italy during the war, I have never been outside this country with British Royalty in the capacity of an official police detective, but going back over a period of nearly a quarter of a century I can claim the honour of personal acquaintance with nearly every detective of importance who has undertaken Royal protection duty of this description. Of them all, I unhesitatingly give first place to the famous and distinguished police chief, Sir Patrick Quinn, as the most experienced, and the late Superintendent John Macarthy as the most popular of all Royal detectives.

These two distinguished police chiefs, under both of whom I had the honour to serve, attended from the later reign of Queen Victoria, at home and abroad, upon every member of the British and

European Royal Families as well as foreign Presidents and potentates visiting England.

During the later days of the war, the late Inspector Burt was attached for special duty to the Prince of Wales, and from that period, up to the day of his death in 1932, he was his "faithful shadow." This modest, in fact shy, man never left the side of the Prince since the year when I was retired from this mission by being transferred from the Third Army Corps to General Rawlinson's Fourth Army.

In the year 1916 at Boulogne, Inspector Burt and I were attached to the Intelligence Department for some time, and I recall an incident that is worthy of being placed on record after a lapse of eighteen years. Some small French boys were playing in the quayside of the Inner Basin of Boulogne Harbour, when suddenly one slipped and fell into the water, which was thirty feet deep. The lad had barely disappeared when a man who was walking along at that particular moment, threw off his coat, dived, and rapidly swam out to the drowning boy, turning him on his back, and in the masterful manner of an accomplished swimmer, piloting him back to safety—and life. For several days no one could discover the identity of the little French boy's rescuer. At last it was brought home to an Englishman, Sergeant Burt, of the Intelligence Department, who, when taxed, modestly admitted the deed. He received the highest and most coveted civil distinction for bravery the French

Nation can bestow upon a citizen, the *Medaille de sauvatage* (Life Saving Medal).

In the States, the chief American detective attached to the Prince of Wales was the late Chief Detective Flynn, of the Federal States Secret Service, of whom I will tell an amusing incident. An attempt to exploit the Prince's world-renowned popularity was checkmated at the eleventh hour. The city he was visiting had a very imaginative and energetic Mayor. The town was out to give the Prince a right royal reception, and at the suggestion of the Mayor the Royal visit was to be recorded in the city archives by a posed photograph of His Royal Highness surrounded by the Mayor and the Civic dignitaries. The grouping was more or less informal, except that the Prince stood in the foreground. Behind the Prince were posed the ladies of the Mayor's party, and at the very second when the photographer pressed the bulb a certain cinema lady among them worked her way by careful manoeuvring to his side. While the picture was being taken she was seen by the Police Chief Flynn to be smiling familiarly at the Prince who was all unaware. The party then trooped off in talking and laughing groups, many of them in thrilled excitement. The camera man began to pack up and make an immediate departure.

At this moment Flynn intervened, calmly strolling up and asking to see the plate.

"You can't see it now, Chief, there's nothing to

see, but you'll see it in all the cinema halls to-night ! Here ! What are you doing, Chief ? Be careful ! ” But before the horrified photographer could say another word, the plate had been shot out of its case and ground under the heel of the American police official.

“ Nobody sees that on the films to-night—like it or not.” Of course, the reason for the police chief's interference was the cinema lady's artful manœuvre. The whole thing had been a “ stunt ” worked for the cinema.

At once an explanation was demanded by the Prince's equerry. When the incident was made clear the Prince was somewhat annoyed, particularly as it was obvious that the Mayor knew what was happening.

That same evening at another function the Prince noticed the absence of the Mayor and at once enquired the reason. He was told that the Mayor thought he had given the Prince offence. This, however, was soon put right by His Royal Highness, for he signed one of his own large cabinet pictures for the Mayor, and thus diplomatically ended the whole unpleasant incident.

In the place of charming and brilliant Paoli, there is to-day in the capital of the French Republic no immediate successor to the place of the late French guardian of English Royalty unless it be the distinguished French detective chief M. Charles Sisteron,

The late King Oscar of Sweden once described France as "the paradise of monarchs on a holiday," and it is Sisteron's ceaseless watch that keeps it so.

Whenever the Prince of Wales makes a flying visit for the purpose of playing golf at Le Touquet, the French Commissaire takes charge of him, with Inspector Burt, the moment he lands on French soil.

Probably one of his most vivid and satisfactory memories will always be that connected with the Prince of Wales's rush home from East Africa to his father's sick-bed. Sisteron joined the Royal special at Basle, Switzerland, and made the wonderful ten-hour dash across France to Boulogne. The time of the Prince's arrival at the Swiss frontier was uncertain and no definite assurance could be given by the Italian detectives about the time when the cruiser carrying the Prince would reach the port of Brindisi. All this information was most vital and necessary to make clear the dash and "line clear" through to Boulogne. So far as the French railway system was concerned there was a clear run after passing the Franco-Italian frontier of over 600 miles. And Sisteron made complete arrangements for the Prince's special train to have a non-stop run for at least fourteen hours. A perfect system directed by telegram and telephone was maintained, until the special train was ready to start on its dash through to Boulogne.

But the cruiser was many hours late at Brindisi through stormy weather conditions and terrific head-winds. At last the saloon carriage, the dining car, and the two other special Italian carriages which made up the Prince's train steamed into the railway terminus of Basle. Sisteron at once presented himself to the Prince and was received with great courtesy. The 600 miles was covered without a stop.

When the Prime Minister or any member of the British Cabinet travels on the Continent M. Sisteron always comes along and meets them as soon as they put foot in France. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, are all well known to this celebrated French Commissaire of Police. Naturally he is like Paoli, very well known and respected by our own Yard men when they travel abroad with Royalty or distinguished personages.

About ten days before distinguished personages are expected to arrive in France, a letter is sent to the French Home Office, charging the Government to "ensure the safety of His Majesty's Servant": such as a Minister or Ambassador or other dignitary. In the case of Royalty, it is Sisteron's duty to see that their incognitos (if so wished) are strictly safeguarded and respected.

When these instructions are officially issued to M. Sisteron he at once sets out for the place where the Royal visitor is to stay. He gets into immediate

touch with the local detectives of the Prefect of Police, the Mayor and Chief of Gendarmerie. He also sees that proper accommodation is provided. If it is an hotel he ascertains the name, status and integrity of every one who will have access to the place during the visit. Every servant on the staff also is subject to the same scrutiny, their past and present careers all being verified and assured. Identity papers are most carefully investigated, examined and in some cases verified by telegram. A list is also drawn up of all foreigners living in the district, and a confidential list of any suspects is compiled.

M. Sisteron tells a story about precautions of this description. "Some years ago a party of Royal visitors—the name of the country is not necessary—had planned to visit a certain famous historic building. The day before the visit it was discovered that a man who was actually in the service of the monarch's own secret police was affiliated to a band of anarchists! It was further found that he had been selected to throw a bomb at the monarch. Letters found in his room, and at a subsequent confession, left no doubt as to his guilt."

Sisteron naturally has to make himself acquainted with all the points of interest near the place chosen for the visit. The habits and amusements of the visitor are ascertained from members of the entourage, so that every desire may be met at once and even in advance.

His duty is similar to that of our own guarding detectives : to ward off bores and importunates, and maniacs. All day he has to answer telegrams, radio messages and trunk calls from all over the world and from every part of France, for it must never be lost sight of that the International police of the world are always on the watch against any plot or menace to travelling Royalty.

Possibly Scotland Yard may inform their own people by wireless, or otherwise, that a certain revolutionary is not now living in London, Manchester, Glasgow, or some other place. Then the Paris police may inform Sisteron that a certain well-known fanatic has left such and such a part of France and is heading for another district. Then the Swiss police may send word that a certain Communist is not now living in Switzerland and his movements are unknown. Even the American police keep Sisteron informed during the whole time about movements of suspects, and so the game goes on with the guarding detectives ever on the alert.

Apart from all this the journeys with Royalty abroad necessitate a tremendous amount of correspondence. Our detectives send a report on to the Superintendent of the Special Branch, which in turn is submitted direct to the Commissioner, and from him to the Home Secretary. In the case of Sisteron a detailed report of the day's events, known as a "lettre de service," is sent to

the Ministry of Interior, a copy of which is sent to the President of the French Republic, who is thus kept informed of every movement and is able to gauge the extent to which the Royal visitor is being looked after and how he is enjoying his stay.

CHAPTER XIX

THE PRINCE AS A LEADER OF FASHION: WHY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS DOES NOT MARRY

NO man is more interested in his clothes than the Prince, and his tailor is frequently called into consultation when the Prince is resident in London.

The Prince's valet is an important adjunct to York House, acting in a highly confidential and important capacity, and possessed of an astounding knowledge of the correct wear for every possible occasion in any part of the world. The valet has not one but several wardrobes to look after, for the Prince must keep a stock of clothes at more than one residence and each stock must be kept up to date.

The Prince is a man of modes and moods. He chooses the mode to fit the mood, and is the most daring man in the world with regard to clothes. He is constantly breaking fashion rules, except where official and military uniform dress is concerned. Let us watch him as he appears in his different garb, flitting from place to playing-field, from aeroplane hangar to golf course, from exhibition platform to Canadian cattle ranch, from

theatre box to hunting saddle, from royal levee to ocean liner, and so on.

We see him first in a golf kit of plus-fours with large grey checks, stockings of dazzling diamond pattern in red and white, blue shirt and collar, and bright canary yellow pull-over.

The scene changes to a dining-room at the Irish Club in Charing Cross Road, London. It is the evening of St. Patrick's Day, and the room is packed with guests until there is not an inch of space to spare. The diners are wedged in so tightly that elbows have to be kept well in to prevent disaster. Many distinguished Englishmen are present as guests of the club, and at the head of the table Captain Reggie Terrell is conversing animatedly on the subject of wartime experiences at Poperinghe and Ypres with the Prince of Wales.

The Prince is wearing immaculate evening dress, his tail-coat admirably waisted, and he wears a single pearl in his shirt front. He has introduced a startling sartorial innovation in a new white waist-coat, the lapels of which end in squared points, and, contrary to usual custom, the buttons on his coat are silk covered and not bone.

He rises to speak. The cheers last a full two minutes. A pretty girl in green mounts a chair at the far end of the room to get a better view of him. The French Ambassador says later that he has never before seen so many pretty girls in one room.

“ Pray silence for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,” booms the voice of the red-coated toastmaster, standing behind the Prince’s chair.

“ Milords, ladies and gentlemen,” says the Prince, and his increased experience as a speaker is obvious. His manner is assured. He introduces little puns and flashes of wit invented on the spur of the moment to fit the occasion. He appeals for a good horse-racing tip for the Grand National, which makes everybody laugh, and he ends by expressing the hope that all Irish men and women were spending an equally happy time on this night all over the world.

We follow him to the Canadian wilderness, where as “ Baron Renfrew ” (one of his titles) he has escaped from the cares of princehood and is roaming through the woods on a hunting trip. On the shore of Lake Nipigon three Indian birchback canoes are beached, and over there, under the shadow of the tall pines, tents gleam white in the glow from a blazing log fire. Smoke lifts in a lazy plume and the sparks fly upward as the violet shadows of night creep down over the lake and the stars show overhead.

The Prince, clad in long boots of laced leather, flannel shirt and breeches, heavy fur jacket and felt sombrero, squats on a blanket by the fire and smokes a briar pipe as he listens to the grizzled old hunting guide’s stories.

“ I had a dream last night, sir,” says the guide, a

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gnarled old man with a tobacco-stained beard, his face lined and seamed and deeply-bronzed by sun and wind. This man is Ernie, one of three hunting guides named Bill, Joe, and Ernie at Lake Nipigon. All are rivals for the business of conducting tourist parties on hunting trips in the adjacent country. Competition has been fierce, especially when the Prince's party came along.

"I dreamed I was dead," continues the old hunter, "and I went up to Heaven. And Saint Peter, he looked through the pearly gates at me and he said : ' You can't come in here ! We don't allow hunting guides in Heaven ! '

"Well, I turned away feeling dejected, and then I happened to look back and there I saw Bill and Joe inside Heaven ! (Bill and Joe are his rivals in the guiding business.)

"Back I goes to those pearly gates," says the veteran hunter, his eyes twinkling at his own joke, "and I knocks up Saint Peter again, and I says to him : ' Look here ! There's Bill and Joe, they are hunting guides, and if they can get into Heaven I can get into Heaven ! ' And Saint Peter, he looks through the bars at me, and he says sorrowfully : ' You can't come in here ! We don't take hunting guides in Heaven, as I told you before ! They are not hunting guides (pointing to Bill and Joe), they only think they are ! ' "

And the Prince joins the old guide in the laugh which follows, the flames lighting up his clean-cut

face as the shadows darken and the evening comes and the coffee pot hisses and bubbles on the fire.

We follow him now to a Welsh coal mine, and find him hardly recognisable in dirty overalls and round skull-cap, with a lamp in his hand, as he stumbles along corridors and mine-shafts with a working party. "Mind the trucks!" comes a shout from the darkness, and with a loud rumble a line of laden cars rattle past as the group step off the track into the safety of a little bay. The Prince sneezes. His nostrils are choked with coal-dust.

"Come on, sir," says a burly miner in his quaint dialect, "it is better along here. Not so dusty."

They move on. Black phantom figures, whose eyeballs shine whitely through the darkness, sit on piles of coal eating a midday meal of meat sandwiches and water.

The Prince halts to talk.

"Have a drink, your Highness," says one miner, who can see the Prince is thirsty with the heat of the mine.

"Thanks." The Prince takes the proffered bottle of water and drinks. Then with a cheery "Good-bye" he moves off down the shaft again.

"He'll make a damned good king, Bill," says the miner to his mate.

Meanwhile the Prince, by stooping double in places and crawling on hands and knees, has reached the "coal-face," where men lie on their backs with lamps fastened in their caps, striking

with pick-axes at the coal seam above their heads. The muffled roar of blasting sounds throughout the mines.

At last a soiled figure shoots up into the cold air in the "cage" and the Prince emerges into the light of day. He has learned a great deal at first hand of the way in which certain men earn their daily bread. He has seen for himself the hardships and difficulties of their life. And back in the mine the word goes round, "The Prince of Wales took a swig out of Bill Jenkins' water bottle! How much will you sell that bottle for, Bill?" which proves that His Royal Highness has made a good impression.

We find him in the hunting country of Leicestershire on a November morning.

"Tally Ho! Hark forrards!" The Prince has sighted the quarry, and his "View hallo!" rings out sharply on the morning air. He has a metallic voice that carries well, and looks a gallant figure in white breeches and scarlet hunting coat.

He stands in his stirrups, swings wide an arm, and the cavalcade thunders at his heels as he sets spurs to his horse and dashes away. A tall fence lies ahead. The Prince gathers his big bay mare for the jump, exerts the right knee pressure at the right time, and man and mount clear the obstacle in a clean jump with inches to spare.

Again we find him, this time huddled in the cockpit of an aeroplane, his dress that of an aviator,

the royal head covered by a leather helmet and goggles.

At the Great British Empire Exhibition at Wembley in 1924, one of the things which greatly impressed the public was the free and easy way in which the Prince enjoyed himself when he accompanied the Duke and Duchess of York to the Great Exhibition.

He visited the various Empire Halls, went into the amusement park and side-shows, spoke to many people without a formal introduction, and, in fact, generally had a "good time."

Twice he went on the switch-back railway to the enthusiastic interest and amusement of the admiring crowds. At one stall he stopped and spoke to an ex-serviceman. "What part of the line were you in?" he asked. On being told, he immediately replied, "Oh, I know. You were with the North Stafford Division; a fine bunch of fellows, I had the honour to review them." He asked very solicitously after the stallkeeper's welfare and ended by inducing every one in the Royal party to patronise the man's stall. The Duchess came away with a very pretty doll, which the Prince fairly won by a well-pitched ball that knocked over an "Aunt Sally" effigy with a resounding smack! Clad in a lounge suit and a bowler hat, with a cigarette stuck between his lips and smiling like a boy, he threw off the cares of state and Empire and revelled with the rest.

The Prince has a delightful habit of mixing informally with his countrymen. Not long ago he appeared one night in his Daimler, at a public dance held in the Lambeth Baths on his Duchy of Cornwall Estate. The honour of the evening went to the young and pretty daughter of the Baths Superintendent who, at the invitation of the Prince, danced a two-step, followed by a waltz. Later, during an interval of the Australia versus England Test Match at the Oval, the Prince of Wales paid a surprise visit to the Old Tenants' Hostel, Newburn Street, Kennington, S.E., which is also on his Duchy of Cornwall Estate. While he and his party were in the little flat occupied by Miss Raymond, a small ornament was knocked over and broken. The Prince expressed his regret, although he was not responsible. Miss Raymond told him that the ornament was of no value and that it did not matter. The following day she received from the Prince a small coloured statuette of himself in hunting dress, accompanied by a courteous letter, stating that he desired to replace the broken ornament. Needless to say, the old lady was overjoyed with the gift and does not regret the accident in the least !

If the rôle of Prince in a constitutional country is to guide rather than dominate, to persuade rather than to compel, to influence by the attraction of character and personality and the example of the chivalry of modern days and

of duty steadfastly and eagerly if unostentatiously pursued, then the Prince stands to-day in the prime of his manhood as an example of what a man should be.

Why has the Prince never married? Many theories have been put forward and many reasons hazarded. There would seem to be a good deal of mystery about his persistent bachelordom. The truth is that there is no mystery at all. It is a delicate subject to discuss.

I have never written of this subject before, and it is likely that I shall be hauled off to the Tower of London for writing this, but after all, if one is to present a true picture of the Heir Apparent to the British throne one *cannot* leave out discussion on this vital topic that intrigues the women (and most of men) in the world.

It is not that the Prince does not like women. He is far from being a woman-hater. He takes great delight in the company of the charming girls and women that he meets in his world travels, and his dancing partners are numerous, and include some of the most vivacious and beautiful members of British Society.

Yet to them all he is the same charming, debonair gentleman. If he shows any preference at all it is for those women who accept the privilege of his company without endeavouring to presume upon it. Intimate friends have stated that the Prince has never yet had a friendship with any woman or

girl which showed the slightest signs of developing into a love affair.

The Prince knows that the people of Great Britain and the British Empire would be delighted to see him choose a bride, so that when called to the throne there would be a prospect of a direct heir to the throne.

It must be twelve or thirteen years ago that the newspapers first began to hint that the nation would like to see its idol married, even respectfully suggesting where and when he should seek his bride, but the Prince took not the slightest notice. Eligible princesses from European countries came to England and left it still eligible. Rumour played with the names of high-born English aristocracy. Society beauties had their moments of hope and then sought their husbands elsewhere, and meanwhile other members of the English Royal family became engaged and entered wedlock to the thunder of saluting cannon and the cheers of the people, and settled down happily to that life of social service which is the heritage of royalty to-day.

The Prince alone was a convinced bachelor. Many people, whose acquaintance with His Royal Highness has begun and ended when they saw him at a function or at a night-club, keep on saying that the reason he has not married a woman of his own station is because he has fallen in love with some woman whom reasons of state debar from

ever becoming his wife. Often they state the woman's name, yet seldom do the guesses tally, and it is time to refute such insinuations. The Prince of Wales is heart-whole.

He loves life and gaiety and movement. He has learned to value friendship at its true worth, he has earned the title of "a good sport and a regular fellow." He would make a tremendous sacrifice by becoming King of England, a sacrifice that only those who have known him intimately can gauge and estimate at its true significance.

But to revert to the problem of his marriage. There exists in France an age-old system by which the parents choose their son's wife. The rest of the world is usually content to leave this choice of a mate to the son himself. Let us try the French method in speculating about the Prince.

What kind of woman would a wise parent pick for such a son, bearing in mind his training, experience, culture and character? She must, first of all, be a woman of a high order of intelligence, travelled, and able to discourse pleasantly of many countries. She must be a woman with courage to bear and strength to endure, possessed of beauty and charm of manner, gifted with a sense of humour and a turn of wit. She must be deeply sympathetic to the difficulties and danger of his position, ready to listen with understanding, able to advise with sound common sense. She must be as democratic as he, seeing through his eyes the needs of the

people, able to mix in any company and feel at home. She must, above all, be wise—wise enough to share his changing moods, capable of living up to the whim of the moment. At the same time she must uphold the dignity of her position, accepting the homage of the multitudes, meeting the royalty of other countries as an equal. She must be ready to don old clothes and visit miners at work in coal mines, to attend thousands of charity fêtes and functions, to speak often in public on behalf of deserving causes, to lay a foundation stone with neatness, despatch and real grace, to be affable to visitors, and unwearying in her endeavours to promote peace and prosperity in the realm.

Is there in existence such an ideal woman, such a paragon of the virtues?

Time may yet show.

CHAPTER XX

THE FIRST ROYAL AVIATION PIONEER

NO great personage will ever hold such a unique position in history as that of our Heir Apparent. Among his many distinguished qualifications are those of an expert airman. No name among the intrepid pioneers of aviation is more popular, more looked up to, than that of the Prince of Wales. He is the world's first Royal aviator. So many have got accustomed to the knowledge, that few stop to consider the real facts about his flying exploits. Yet the Prince has travelled more miles by air than all the Kings, Princes, Presidents, Dictators, and Cabinet Ministers of the world put together. Truly a remarkable record. It marks another great accomplishment in the illustrious career, of one of the greatest royal personalities ever yet known to world history.

Why has the Prince taken up aviation in such a sincere spirit? Risks accompany flying, in the machine that man is ever improving for the mastery of the air. Every one of us knows that. So does the Prince. Yet he takes these risks—when there is—by virtue of his position—no need to. What then, will be asked, is his reason for doing so. It

is a natural question, and I will try and answer it to the best of my ability from the source of information at my disposal.

Commercial aviation is the thing of the future. Any nation that can rise to this fact will reap their just reward in it by increased business and prosperity. If the world realises the fact, so much the better for the world.

Only a little time ago the Prince went over to Sweden. In the teeth of a fierce gale he, with his Swedish pilot, went up into the air to keep an appointment some three hundred miles off. Only a few minutes late to scheduled time his machine made a perfect landing, the Prince kept his engagement, made his speech, also a tour of inspection—did some big business for this country, and returned the same night to Stockholm. Then by an overland route some little time later returned via Hamburg in Germany, and from this port embarked on a steamship and returned to London.

One July he had to attend another function in the West of England. It was vile weather, but the Prince set out to keep his engagement. When some little distance off from his actual destination the elements were too much for him and his pilot, and he was obliged to make a forced landing in a nearby field. The manager of a factory came to his rescue, placed a car at his disposal, and covered with mud, the Prince met all the local dignitaries, making his appearance upon the platform a signal

for tumultuous rounds of cheers from the crowds waiting for him to make his public appearance.

The late Detective Inspector Burt told me that if the Prince had his way, to use the actual words, "His Royal Highness would fly round the world."

So far the Prince has not made a Trans-Atlantic trip, but it is his intention to do so in the near future. Many times he has discussed the route with other expert airmen, and when the time is ripe he will fly to Montreal, thence overland to his ranch in Alberta.

Aviation as a sport does not interest him. For the Prince intuitive interests go much farther ahead than matters of this description. He sees in the aeroplane its possibilities of greater aid to world efficiency. We live in an age of speed and movement. Both factors count for a saving of time. Time with a busy man is a vital factor, and as business all over the world runs upon these lines, aviation, by the saving of time, is the future busy man's aid to greater efficiency and success.

About eight years ago the Prince took up aviation. At that time, and more so to-day, he was being invited to attend so many public and social functions that it became almost impossible for him to attend them all. Also another thing which weighed with the Prince, was the fact of international calls upon his time. In the policy of a nation all these facts are of a far-reaching nature. To keep pace with the current march of every-day

world affairs he looked round for something to cope with it, something to save time. Motor cars, liners, and express trains were all right—but not near quick enough. In the aeroplane he saw the remedy if not the overcome of this state of affairs. He could accept twice as many calls upon his time, so the Prince took up aviation, and to-day saves more time, puts in more business, and in the process shows by his example the cultivation of what I will term “air-mindedness” to this nation and the world at large.

The Prince is the largest private owner of aeroplanes in the world. He owns six. His very latest is a Vickers all-metal monoplane, called the “Viastra.” It is a refined and improved version of those which have been operating successfully on Australian Air Lines. Its wings or span are about 70 feet, from nose to tail 45 ft. The cabin of the Prince about 20 ft. by 5 ft. wide, and 6 ft. high.

The “Viastra” flies at about 130 miles per hour, with a normal range of 700 miles, but an extra tank fitted increases this to 1,050 miles without refuelling. Fitted one on either side of the wings are the two Bristol “Pegasus” engines, and starting is from the cockpit by hand or electrically operated. Dual control is fitted, and side by side seating is made in the pilot’s cockpit.

In respect of the Prince’s cabin, this is fitted to carry his suite. Tables for his secretary and himself, with pull-out seats that can be made into beds.

In this cabin the Prince will dictate his material on the way to some large function. It is more sound-proof than a train, and fireproof insulation renders smoking safe. Wireless with a telephonic range of 300 miles is carried, also ten emergency parachutes. The Pilot is Flight-Lieutenant E. H. Fielden, His Royal Highness's own personal pilot.

So much then for our Prince being the first Royal aviation pioneer. In the first place, right throughout the ages, man has always looked up to a leader. It is an intuitive principle of nature. Judging by his life and actions, nature has equipped our Prince for this purpose, for he is a born leader. Aviation, with its great future potentialities, needs such a man. His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, Heir Apparent to the Throne of England, has assigned to himself that position, for he is the first Royal aviation pioneer the world has ever known.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND

DURING the last seventy-five years no fewer than 100 of the great ones of the earth, including monarchs, presidents, and leading Ministers of State have been assassinated.

The chief ones have been :—

- 1865. President Lincoln, United States.
- 1870. Prim, Marshal of Spain.
- 1872. Earl of Mayo, Governor General of India.
- 1881. Tsar Alexander of Russia.
President Garfield, United States.
- 1894. President Carnot, France.
- 1898. Empress Elizabeth of Austria.
- 1900. King Humbert of Italy.
- 1901. President McKinley, United States.
- 1903. Alexander, King of Serbia and his wife,
Queen Draga.
- 1908. Carlos, King of Portugal, and Louis
Philippe, Crown Prince of Portugal.
- 1913. George, King of Greece.
- 1914. Archduke and Archduchess of Austria.
- 1918. The Tsar of Russia and his family.
- 1919. Amir of Afghanistan.
- 1932. President Paul Doumer, France.
- 1933. Nadis Shah, King of Afghanistan.

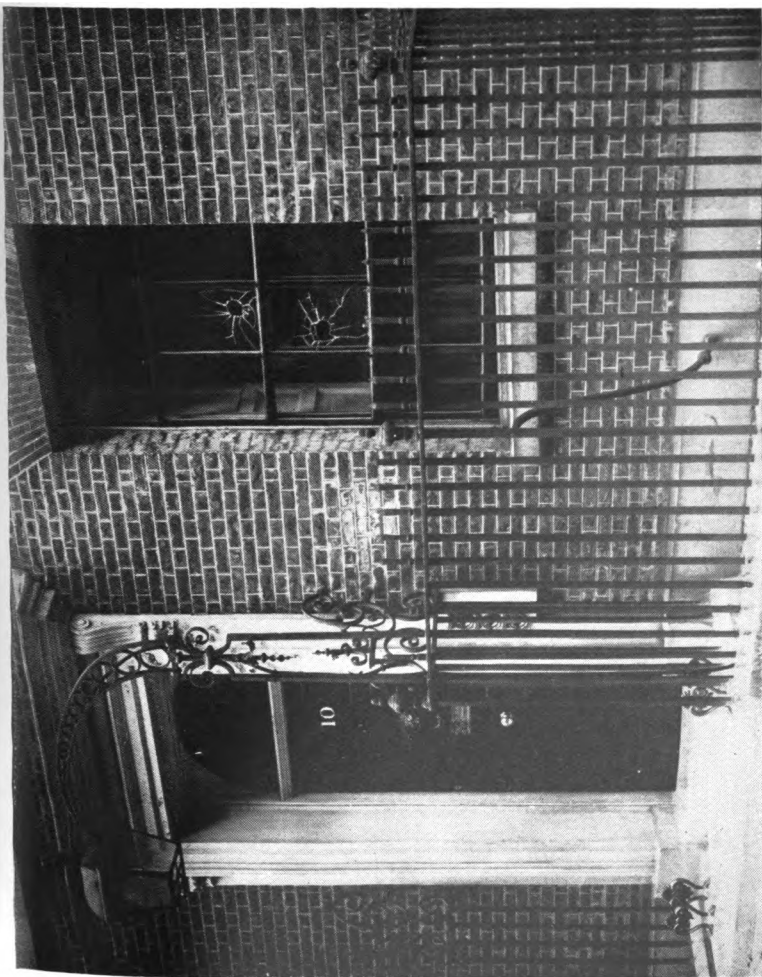


Photo : Topical Press.

ATTEMPT ON DOWNING STREET.

No. 10, Downing Street, residence of the Prime Minister, after a fanatic had thrown missiles through a ground floor window.

Since the murder of the Austrian Archduke two historical assassinations have gone into the archives of human history, the unfortunate Czar of Russia, and that of only recently, the venerable President Doumer of the French Republic.

The enigma of it all is so remarkable, that it leaves the ordinary loyal law-abiding citizen amazed, that such mad and passionate crimes could happen.

Take, for instance, these two great members of constituted authority both in their respective ways, the absolute opposite to each other in policy and character, the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, and M. Doumer of the French Republic.

The former represented military dominance and autocracy—the latter, humane and wise democracy.

Yet both great men died at the hand of the maniac.

It seems idle to speculate upon what might have happened had the fatal shot of Sarajevo not been fired, but when we look back upon the horrors which are now gradually fading into history, the figure of this man, Francis Ferdinand, looms up irresistibly ; the heir to the throne of Austria who, while for ever striving for peace, by his death precipitated the world's greatest calamity. The decision between progress and destruction is with man himself ; unfortunately there are always fanatics whose mental balance or control can never reconcile themselves to this view of ordinary human evolution. Since the conclusion of war, the kings have

gone from Germany, Austria-Hungary and Spain, to say nothing of lesser countries.

The pendulum swings backwards and forwards—what was yesterday—is not to-day, and for ever in all generations and times we have the fanatic who roars his defiance.

No truer sentence was ever constantly used out of the millions and millions of proverbs and doggerel—than, **LIFE IS A GAME!**

To-day in the Year of Grace 1934 the cult is for dictators—Hitler of Germany, Stalin of Russia, Pilsudski of Poland, Dolfus of Austria, and Mussolini of Italy.

What of to-morrow?

France is still a Republic, and Great Britain a constitutional monarchy pretty much after the old patterns.

The old kings were strong in their day—strong with the power of tradition. That tradition is dying fast—and it has brushed many away in its collapse. So again the fanatic is busy.

But has it?

Compare all these Dictators—not one of them is strong, irrespective of whatever illusory appearances of strength they are alleged to possess.

This class of ruler has no place in the language of history, for nations as a whole are neither right nor wrong. They are the heirs of human evolution, and the man's injustice towards man.

This injustice is the inescapable price which

great ones of the earth have to pay for our much vaunted civilization. The penalty of living under such conditions is that they live always at the mercy of those intense passions and hatreds of their fanatics—and so the world goes on—not getting younger—but older—and if a human comparison can be made—more effete. I could no doubt keep on digressing from my subject and make the visionary picture perhaps complete by saying that in time—we shall come down to the fundamental principle—that the end will be “survival of the fittest.”

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand was an exemplary husband and father. In the bosom of his family he sought and found sanctuary from the excitements and storms of political life. “In all his plans and undertakings the welfare of his family was paramount with him.” So says one who was personally attached to him for many years in intimate association as his own private physician.

Dr. Victor Eisenmenger has given a classic history to the world of this ill-fated prince—almost the last of the ill-fated Hapsburg Dynasty—which I now take the opportunity of recounting from the translated version of Mr. James A. Galston, by courtesy and permission of the publishers. This account is a brief one, and is not at all complete, as there is much in the life of the late Austrian Heir that is commendable and great if the complete volume of his life is read.

He was in mentality and character a strong man, and according to his biographer, one of the most hated men in Austria on account of this characteristic trait—yet apart from this, in his home life he was the most devoted and loving of husbands as well as a gentle and loving father to his children. His wife was not accepted by the old Emperor the late Francis Joseph, or by the circle of society in Vienna, both military and social, who rallied round the pre-war Imperial Throne of old Austria-Hungary.

It was the old, old story—one of love for a woman who was not in the so-called circle that mattered.

She was a Lady-in-Waiting to the Archduchess Annunciata, Francis Ferdinand's mother, and it was in this way they met, and, defying all the iron codes of social prestige, married!

With the energy and persistence characteristic of him, he succeeded in securing for his beloved wife the position due to her, and always tried to fulfil her wishes. In this, however, he set himself certain limits.

A far-reaching ambition and a great influence upon all his decisions are ascribed to her. If she naturally had the desire to have her son recognised as the successor to the Austrian throne, it is human and intelligible.

She was, however, much too clever to make even the slightest attempt to influence the Archduke in

this direction, for he conceded to no woman, not even his own wife, the right to meddle in political questions. "Women belong in the kitchen, in the cellar, and in the bed," he was wont to say.

Moreover, his deeply religious feeling did not permit him even to think of violating the oath he had taken.

His plans for the future of his sons were already formed. The Army, of course, for the oldest, while for the youngest he had mapped out a clerical career. When, at the baptism of Duke Ernest, he showed the doctor his son with pride, he said, "Doesn't he look already like a little bishop?"

Now comes the tragedy !

In June 1914 the Emperor commanded him to represent him at the Army manœuvres at Sarajevo.

Rumour at once had it that this was brought about by the ambition of the Duchess who wanted to enjoy publicly the honours which were due to the wife of the successor of the throne.

As a matter of fact, the opposite was true. The mission was a rather unpleasant one for the Archduke. He told the doctor he would have much preferred it if the Emperor had entrusted the mission to some one else.

The Duchess was in great fear for his life on this trip. The doctor should have gone along, but was taken severely ill shortly before their departure and was forced to request the appointment of a substitute. In the course of the next few

days the sad news reached him in Millstadt, in Carinthia, where he was recuperating. Public excitement was enormous. One saw that war was coming. The cowardly hands of the fanatics once again had altered the destiny of nations and mankind.

In political and Court circles the news of the assassination was received with ill-concealed satisfaction. They were relieved to be rid of so powerful and dangerous an opponent. Even beyond his death the Court resented his enmity.

In spite of the scant popularity he enjoyed in Vienna there was a general feeling of indignation at the lack of reverence with which the department of the Lord High Steward proceeded with regard to the deceased. The poor children whom such a dreadful calamity had befallen were the objects of general sympathy. He himself had fallen a victim to his duty and a martyr to a policy which he had opposed all his life.

The bodies were brought to Vienna, lay in state at the Court Chapel, were then transported to the Western Station and left to their fate there by the department of the Lord High Steward. All other arrangements were made by the municipal undertakers who took great pains, but were unable to dispel the impression that the pomp was somewhat threadbare and matter of fact.

To be sure, a special train was put at the disposal of the mourners, but even the funeral decorations

at the station glaringly differed from the gorgeous display customary on such occasions.

When the train arrived in Pochlarn, a terrific thunderstorm broke. To be consecrated the coffins had to be taken to the station platform which was inadequately decorated.

As the thunderstorm and cloudburst did not cease, it was necessary to begin the drive amid thunder and lightning. The hearse had to be taken across the Danube on a ferry. There the horses shied at a clap of thunder—almost plunging the hearse into the river. There were at the disposal of the mourning guests a number of old ramshackle taxicabs. Five mourners had to crowd into every one of these conveyances. The roads, due to the storm, were bottomless, the cars stuck fast at every grade. The mourners had to get out and wade in the mire. The ceremony at the chapel of the castle Aстетten was simple but dignified. At a sharp turn at the entrance to the vault the bearers knocked the coffin against an edge of the wall, breaking loose a piece.

“Vision-like,” quotes the doctor, “I saw the picture of the Archduke rise before my eyes as, upon viewing the vault which had just been completed, he jokingly said, ‘Then I shall turn in my grave.’”

The death of the Archduke gave elbow room to his political adversaries. Friendship with Russia which he had tried with all his might to maintain

and strengthen had lost its last support. What his prophetic eye had foreseen for many years, now happened. Weak men whom Fate has called to decisive positions always were and always shall be pitied, scoffed at and ridiculed by every class of society. Strong, exalted personages, however, whose minds grasp the needs of a State and who guide it proudly and unswervingly, but in recognition of the purposeful dynamics of world history, who can be neither misled nor exploited—such men have had, from time immemorial, many thousands of enemies and antagonists, both small and big, and among all classes of the population.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand was indubitably a strong personality. By his cowardly assassination the Serbs and their backers the Russians, struck at the most clear-sighted and forceful embodiment of the new-Austrian idea which, in the ensuing World War inevitably perished in an ocean of blood and treason.

Is it to be for ever?

Before I pass on to the death of M. Doumer of the French Republic, my mind goes back to some more royal people of Europe and the charming stories connected about them, related by that famous French Detective, M. Paoli.

The accounts are in connection with the present King and Queen of Italy.

The great French guardian of the great, at the

time of this story, had never been officially connected with the Italian royal couple. In fact, he did not recall either of them by sight, only, of course, from photographs appearing from time to time in magazines and current press.

Some two years later he came into contact with them on many occasions, and was constantly in attendance when they went to visit Paris.

Since the war the King of Italy has come to London and has been, of course, accompanied by the men of Special Branch, who can, of course, relate many charming stories about their visit, but as space does not permit of these London visits I will confine myself to one of the famous Paoli's visits to Italy.

"I took advantage of a few weeks' leave of absence allowed me after the departure of the late Russian sovereigns, to pay a visit to Italy"—so goes the account taken from his life story in "My Royal Clients."

"Shortly after my arrival at Milan, I was strolling, one afternoon, in the well-known Galleria Vittorio—Emmanuele—that favourite Milanese and cosmopolitan resort, whose incessant and picturesque animation presages the gaiety, if not the charm of Italy, when the window of a glove shop caught my eye and reminded me that I had left my gloves in the railway-carriage. I thought I might as well buy myself a new pair, and I entered the shop. A customer had gone in before me. It was a lady,

young, tall and slender, quietly but elegantly dressed in a plain, dark travelling frock.

“Through the motor-veil that close-shrouded her head and face, a pair of eyes gleamed, black and, as I thought, large and beautiful: her hair was dark and, as far as I could see, there were masses of it: the features seemed refined and pretty. Leaning on the counter, she tried on the gloves which a young shop assistant handed her. None of them fitted.

“‘They are too large,’ she said, shyly.

“‘That is because the Signora has so small a hand,’ replied the young assistant, gallantly.

“She smiled and did not answer. An elderly lady who was with her gave the youth an indignant and scandalised glance.

“After patiently allowing the measure to be taken of her hand, open and closed—it was indeed a very small one—she ended by finding two pairs of gloves to suit her, paid for them and went out. Just then the owner of the shop returned. He looked at the lady, gave a bewildered start, bowed very low and, as soon as she was gone, shouted to his assistant:

“‘Have you the least idea whom you have been serving?’

“‘A very pretty woman, I know that!’

“‘Idiot! It was the Queen!’

“‘The Queen!’ It was my turn to feel bewildered. The Queen, alone, unprotected, in the arcade full of people! I was on the point of

following her, from professional habit, forgetting I was at Milan not as an official but as a private tourist. A still more important reason stopped my display of zeal—it was too late—the charming vision was lost in the crowd.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ASSASSINATION OF M. DOUMER, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

M. PAUL DOUMER, slain by an assassin's hand in his seventy-fifth year, had a career of brilliant and romantic achievement.

Born in Auvergne, the son of a labourer, at the age of 14 he was at work in a medal-maker's shop in Paris to help support his widowed mother.

M. Doumer was given his first Cabinet appointment in 1895, when he became Minister of Finance.

He abandoned Home Politics two years later in favour of a Colonial Governorship, and was Governor-General of Indo-China till 1902.

During the Great War he suffered tragic bereavement. Four of his sons laid down their lives for France, one, Captain Doumer, being killed in an aerial combat behind the enemy lines, and was afterwards buried with military honours by the Germans with a number of their own officers.

In 1921 M. Doumer again became Minister of Finance, also for a time in 1926 on M. Briand's Cabinet. He was appointed President of the Senate in 1927 and held that office until being elected President of the French Republic in 1931.

He did not care much for "protective surveillance," and would often disappear from the Elysee, the President's palace, to be found by his detectives quietly dining with friends in another part of the city.

M. Doumer, an imposing grey-bearded figure, had fulfilled his tasks of office during the last days of his illustrious life with tact and supreme understanding.

His days were spent methodically. His habit of life had always been perfectly regulated. He rose each morning at five, spent never more than a quarter of an hour on a meal, and drank only water.

Much conjecture has arisen since this cowardly crime as to the laxity of the French Police Department in permitting such a thing to happen.

Certainly it would appear that insufficient precaution was taken because at the time of the assassination there were no detective guardians in the vicinity.

An eminent personage of his rank, the first man of the French Republic, should have had some custodian near, even if the idea was intolerant to him or not. Such a life is in the custody of the State, and in view of many accounts that have since reached my ears, the particular officer or officers of the State that were entrusted with this onerous and responsible duty—*failed in that same duty.*

The Parisian detective is reputed to be the finest "shadower" in the world. Surely the President could have been shadowed to the Rue Berryer, where it must have been officially known his august presence was expected that afternoon at three o'clock to open a sale of books that had been organised for the benefit of the task he loved so much—the aid of ex-soldiers.

True, the French in many of their public functions do not adhere to the same amount of official observance that we do in this country; still, I cannot put upon one side the fact that it was the duty of his guarding detectives to have, at least, put in an appearance some time earlier so as to have satisfied themselves that no suspicious individuals were in the place or about the vicinity.

Who can say if this ordinary procedure of police duty had been done—that possibly the President of the French Republic would have been alive to-day.

The madman, or fanatic, Paul Gouguloff the Russian, was known. It is almost certain that had an unostentatious search been made before the President's arrival he would have been seen and the proper steps taken.

This man came to England a few years back—but he was refused admittance. Is it to be understood that our authorities did not inform the French Special Department that he was in France? I very much doubt it, if I know anything about English police methods. In any case, the demented

creature was allowed to get into this particular place—and, in consequence, a valuable life was lost to France and to the cause of world peace.

Like all assassinations this lightning stroke of fate was staggering, ruthless—and wholly unexpected.

At 3 o'clock on May 6th, 1932, the President of the French Republic arrived at the Rue Berryer, Paris, to attend the sale of books on account of charity in aid of French ex-soldiers.

A large and fashionable assembly greeted the President within the building. He was making his way into a second room, having just left a small one where lots of valuable books were shown, and was about to inspect some pictures and prints which he had been told were of great interest.

Suddenly a man forced his way to the front, and with a large automatic pistol let loose a hail of bullets on the venerable French President.

Three of the shots proved fatal.

Many of the guests who were not in view thought that a flashlight picture had been taken for the Press, but to their horror the great Frenchman was seen to pitch forward with a crash on to his head, streaming with blood.

Several members of the party made a dash for the man, who, with a smile, had let drop his pistol arm—but not before he had shot in the shoulder M. Claude Farrere, the president of the exhibition, who had made a dash towards him.

Gouguloff was seized—and from all sides blows were aimed at him by infuriated people. The gendarmes were hard pressed to get round him, so fierce was the huge scrimmage round the President's assailant. As it was the police had all their time cut out even with large reinforcements to stop the enraged crowd from beating him to a pulp. "La Mort! La Mort! (Kill him! Kill him!) A bas l'Assassin" (Down with the murderer) was to be heard on all sides.

Only the French gendarmes and Republican Guard saved Gouguloff from being literally torn to pieces and beaten to death.

M. Doumer was carried through the now horrified assembly to the courtyard and then to Beaujon Hospital.

From this hour a little after half-past three, until a quarter-to-five the next morning the whole medical skill of Paris was concentrated in an effort to save his life. Then the fatal bulletin was issued to the waiting host of French and International Press men: "Gentlemen, the President is dead!" So ended the career of a great man at the hands of a fanatic. It was once again history repeating itself. It was the price that is paid for greatness—always at the satanic hand of the madman or assassin.

Paul Gouguloff was married to a Swiss woman and lived at the Villa d'Horizon in the Rue de l'Observatoire at Monaco because he had been expelled from France.

Here again comes the fact that the secret police should have been aware of every move he made, because it was known he was connected with the Bolshevik forces.

Forty nations sent their representatives to the funeral of M. Doumer ; the King of England being represented by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The French Government proposed that the body should lie in what in the French capital is equivalent to our Westminster Abbey—namely the Pantheon ; but the widow decided he should lie in the family vault beside his four sons.

The great iron gates of the Elysee were swung back by two of the Garde Republicaine at eight o'clock in the morning to permit the passing for the last time of its thirteenth President since the formation of the Third Republic and Committee of Public Defence convened on September 4th, 1870.

Thirteen illustrious sons of France : Louis Adolphe Thiers, Marshall MacMachon, Jules Grevy, Marie Francois Sadi Carnot, Jean Casimer Perier, Francois Felix Faure, Emile Loubert, Armand Fallieres, Raymond Poincare, Paul Deschanel, Alexandre Millerand, Gaston Doumergue—and now possibly the best-loved of them all—Paul M. Doumer.

Through streets densely packed with reverent multitudes, the funeral cortège moved on its way slowly and solemnly first to the Notre Dame and then to the Pantheon, preceded by the Garde

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Republicaine, and cavalry proceeding at a walking pace, followed by many infantry and naval detachments from all parts of the French Empire. Following the four distinguished military, naval, air-force and civil pall-bearers came the relatives, then the new President, M. Lebrun. Following these in solemn procession came the King of the Belgians, in khaki, and the Prince of Wales, in the full dress uniform of the Welsh Guards. The King of Italy was represented by the Duke of Aosta, and Prince Paul and the German Ambassador, Jugo-Slavia and the German Republic respectively.

Ambassadors and Ministers representing nearly all the countries of the world followed in turn with the Prime Minister, M. Tardieu, and numerous members of the French Government, such as members of the Diplomatic Corps, Senators, Deputies, Prefects, municipal authorities and ex-soldiers.

The Requiem Mass over, the procession re-formed and went slowly on its way from the Cathedral to the Pantheon.

Standing on the steps, M. Tardieu pronounced the French nation's last farewell to her murdered son.

Military and naval forces then marched past the coffin—and the State funeral was at an end.

The dead President had received his last salute.

To his sons, killed in the war, their father was taken to be laid in the family vault of the beautiful cemetery of Vaugirard.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

THANKS to a woman's bravery and presence of mind Mr. Franklin Delane Roosevelt, destined to become thirty-second President of the United States, was in February 18th, 1933, saved from sharing the fate of Abraham Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, his predecessors, in that exalted office who fell victims to the fanatical frenzy of assassins.

From the midst of a crowd of nearly 10,000 at a gala reception, the President had landed from Mr. Vincent Astor's yacht *Nourmabal* in which he had been taking a fishing trip off the Bahamas, and was the guest of honour at an open-air reception in the outdoor arena at Bay Front Park, Biscayne Bay, Miami.

The President had just finished a brief speech of thanks for his reception, when an Italian anarchist named Guiseppa Zangara fired several shots at him, but a middle-aged lady, the wife of a doctor, acted with remarkable promptitude, seized the would-be assassin's arm and deflected his aim.

The heroine of the drama was Mrs. W. F. Cross,

the frail, middle-aged wife of a Miami doctor. Her presence of mind in deflecting the hand of Zangara undoubtedly saved Mr. Roosevelt's life. Let her tell her own story.

"I stood up on one of the park benches," she related, "and Zangara was just behind me. I turned round and saw he had a pistol. He began shooting at Mr. Roosevelt, fifteen yards away. I grabbed his arm and called for help.

"A man named Tom Armour also grabbed his hand and held it up in the air. The next thing I knew was that some other men had rushed towards us and were choking him. Zangara was firing desperately and wildly."

Mrs. Cross, who had powder burns on her cheek, explained that it was quite by accident she turned round. The seat was a folding one, and she was afraid it would collapse. When Zangara leaped excitedly behind her, it almost doubled beneath them. She turned to protest, and saw the pistol in his uplifted hand.

"The shots fired made a terrible noise in my ears, but I held on. He was looking towards Mr. Roosevelt, and kept shooting and trying to force my arm round."

The next thing she remembers was a dozen young men "knocking us all down, and I fell from the bench with every one piled on top of me."

Zangara, as he fired, shouted, "I kill all Presidents? I kill all officers!" And as he was

overpowered eye-witnesses declare that he exclaimed, "Well, anyhow, I got Cermak."

Meanwhile the crowd was shouting, "Kill him! Kill him!" and the police had difficulty in getting the man away.

Mr. Cermak was standing about twenty feet away from Mr. Roosevelt. The gallant Mayor of Chicago crumpled up and fell to the ground. Mr. Roosevelt had him carried into his car and drove to hospital cradling the dying mayor's head in his arms.

A short, stocky little man, swarthy, with dark curly hair, Zangara was taken to a cell on the twenty-first storey of the sky-scraper gaol in order to prevent attempts at lynching, and was heavily guarded by police and militia.

The revolver with which the attempt on Mr. Roosevelt's life was made had been bought, Zangara said, for eight dollars in a pawnshop. He had at first intended to assassinate President Hoover, Zangara declared, but when he read in a newspaper that Mr. Roosevelt was to visit Miami, he decided to shoot him instead.

In his interrogation Zangara expressed no regret for what he had done. He did not speak English very fluently, and had to be helped out by his questioner.

"I did it because I don't like rich men or presidents," Zangara is alleged to have declared. "As a man, I like Roosevelt. As a president, I

want to kill him. I want to kill all presidents. I no shoot working man. Ten years ago I tried to kill King of Italy, but they would not let me. Same thing in Italy as here—people got in my way.

“I am not anarchist—no political party for me, but I believe Bolshevism is O.K. My stomach hurts me, and I am always in pain, because of carrying heavy bricks all day. All my life I suffer. When I was a kid I had to work instead of going to school, and now I’m sick because I have no work.”

Newspaper cuttings found in Zangara’s possession described the President-elect’s movements, and one gave an account of the assassination of President McKinley, who was murdered at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901.

Zangara, an American citizen, had, up to the time of the attempted assassination, lived in the United States about nine years.

At the time of the attempt a later cable to the *Daily Telegraph* gives a further idea of the attempted assassination.

“Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, the President-Elect, arrived in New York to-day from Miami after his narrow escape from the bullets of Zangara, the Italo-American Anarchist.

“Great forces of police were massed outside the New Jersey terminal railway station to control the crowds which had gathered to cheer Mr. Roosevelt. So great was the crush that newspaper reporters

and photographers were driven from the positions they had taken up.

“The station was closed to the public. Mr. Roosevelt and his party, as they made their way to their cars, were surrounded by a cordon of 200 picked policemen and as many detectives.

“This force will remain on duty during the President-Elect’s stay in New York, until he leaves for Washington to take oath of office as President Hoover’s successor.

“To safeguard Mr. Roosevelt against anarchist cranks in future, strict precautions are being taken. There is popular movement urging him not only to restrict his public appearances to a minimum, but to ride in an armoured car in the inaugural Presidential procession on March 4th.

“Mayor Cermak, of Chicago, who was seriously wounded by the would-be assassin’s shots while standing by Mr. Roosevelt, is progressing favourably. (I regret to state at the time of publishing this book Mayor Cermak of Chicago is dead.—Author.)

“Mrs. Gill, who was shot in the stomach, is in a grave state. A second blood transfusion was given this afternoon in an attempt to save her life.

“Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of the President-Elect, when asked for a statement about the attempted assassination, wrote in a leading American paper as follows :

“‘I do not believe in advising as to what pre-

cautions are necessary for my husband. This incident has undoubtedly not disturbed him, except for his anxiety about those who were injured. As far as I am concerned, I cannot imagine living in fear of possible death.'”

CHAPTER XXIV

ENGLAND'S FOREIGN LEGION : MY MEETING WITH LENIN : THE NIHILISTS

PAUL GOUGULOFF, who killed the aged M. Doumer, President of the French Republic, in May, 1932, was, as all the world knows, a Russian subject.

It is strange how political assassinations work out in the subsequent light of history, as mostly all these crimes, both real and attempted, have been made by people, other *than the victim's own countrymen*.

Regarding the great men of our own country it was an Indian who assassinated the Secretary of State for India, the late Sir Curzon Whyllie, and an Egyptian who killed Sir Lee Stack. As for our own English Royalty, the attempt made on the late King Edward VII was in Belgium, by one of their own people named Spido.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand was killed by a mixed gang, mostly Serbs, but a Frenchman played the predominant part. Elizabeth of Austria was killed by an Italian, George of Greece by an Armenian, Carlos, King of Portugal and Louise Philippe, the Crown Prince, by a Spaniard, while

only just recently an attempt was made on the life of Mussolini by an Englishwoman.

All this makes way for the alien population in every country being more or less supervised with a certain amount of official regard. But in no country of the entire world is the alien population more tractable and law-abiding than those who reside on the shores of this tight little island of Great Britain.

Prior to the War, in the principal cities throughout the United Kingdom, our alien population harboured in the various foreign colonies many more than it does to-day.

Throughout England, Scotland, Wales and the Irish Free States, the Italian element has always held priority in preponderance of numbers, and does so to the present time.

The London colony is the most important, which comprises the locality of Soho (West End), Holborn, West Central, and Saffron Hill, with its adjacent Clerkenwell quarters.

Since the days of Malatesta and others whom I knew, the land of the Sunny South has sent us no notorious revolutionaries of any official importance. The Italian Anarchist movement, with its schemers and international plotters, is dead, so far as the sanctity of their schemes are concerned.

Over a million of foreigners lived in these cities of ours in pre-war days—London, of course, being the principal colony. To-day, throughout the whole United Kingdom, there is no more than a quarter

of a million. Of this number, roughly speaking, 35,000 is made up of Italians.

In well-defined circles they keep a monopoly of various livings and trades. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen can be found hundreds of small general shops, where the Italian sells throughout the year confectionery, cigarettes, fried-fish and chips, and last, but not least "Neapolitan" ice cream and hokey-pokey.

In Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Cardiff, Swansea and other cities, the same kind of livelihood is carried on. While in the Lancashire capital a large colony works in plaster, mosaic work; also asphalt road-making. London, however, as I have previously stated, holds the largest number of Italian settlers.

It is the Mecca of them all. There seems, however, a tendency towards two particular groups. The waiters, boarding-house, restaurant and small shopkeepers, who congregate in the Soho district, and the commoner classes of Clerkenwell, who work as artisans in road-making, plaster and electrical apparatus work, with an ever-dwindling percentage of street organ grinders thrown in.

They are a law-abiding lot, these Italians. Their general delinquencies against the law mainly arise from small boarding-house and hotel-keepers, who in a great city like London, with its lures and temptations, fall up against the police by infringing clauses of such Acts of Parliament as the Inn-

keepers, Vagrancy, Gaming, and Licenses. Except for offences committed by these certain class of small club "hotel" and boarding house proprietors throughout the West End of London, the Italian element are, as I reiterate, an honest, hard-working, thrifty and law-abiding people.

Under the various Acts of Parliament I have mentioned come such offences against public law and order as the permitting of drinking on prohibited premises ; also gaming and the running of brothels, known in common parlance as "casa," "case-keeping."

Much has been said about the Italian element that comprises our race-course gangs.

It is nonsense !

Many of these men are bred and born in London. They bear Italian names and often speak the language of their parents. There are again numbers who can't speak a word of Italian, and I know many with dark-tanned skins, jet black hair, and a flash of the black liquid orbs that is indisputably Latin—who are as cockney as they make 'em.

The life of Little Italy in Saffron Hill and the Italian quarters has changed, however, during the last ten years.

In pre-war days, evening dress on a man or woman was rarely seen in and around the small restaurants of Greek Street, and Dean Street, Soho. To-day there are many good-class places who cater for the ultra-refined, such as Kettner's super-smart

restaurant, honoured upon occasions with the presence of the Prince of Wales. The three important Italian clubs are still going strong in Soho and Clerkenwell—the Co-Operative, Mazzini, and Garibaldi,—but here again one detects a change in atmosphere.

Before the war I have visited friends and patrolled the Italian quarters for weeks on end, and in every house, café, shop, club or restaurant, one could see copies of such papers as “L’Italiane,” or “L’Echo d’Italia.” To-day these papers are succeeded for the perusal of our dark-eyed settlers by “L’Italia Nostra,” official organ of Fascism.

So much for the Italian section of our Foreign Legion. Now for others. It is hardly conceivable, but out of a highly organised population of German pre-war residents numbering many thousands, there remains to-day but a few hundreds all over the country.

Gone are the days of the cheerful, gay little restaurants off Tottenham Court Road, Great Portland Street and Charlotte Street, West “Charlottenstrasse,” as it was termed—home of the middle-class German artisan, where on any evening, tailors, waiters, merchants, chefs, hotel-porters, butchers, bakers, and the “what not” of many trades and callings could be found fraternizing, dining, singing, drinking and enjoying themselves—in the music and conversation of their native Fatherland.

Yet another group were to be found along the length of Regent Street (Regentstrasse) from Oxford Circus to Piccadilly Circus: Very's Restaurant at Oxford Circus, the Spartan Beer Hall, now Ward's Irish House, at the Piccadilly end. In the old Oddeninos and Café Royal one came across the better class German. Business men were in the City and West-End, a great majority being reserve officers of the German Navy and Army.

The Danish, Swedish and Scandinavians were never much in prominence—the neighbourhood of Marylebone and Edgware, as also Poplar and Rotherhithe, being their principal quarters.

In the Limehouse area and the above-mentioned places, Poplar and Rotherhithe, can also be found many Mohammedans, such as Lascars and Arabs—but mostly all, however, are of the sea-going fraternity.

Limehouse still hangs on to its quota of Chinese—but the number is not on the increase as compared to pre-war days. In fact, there are more people of Oriental nationality in our large ports such as Liverpool and Cardiff than are to be found in the whole length and breadth of London.

There is no Spanish quarter, but since the formation of Republican Spain a slight tendency is to be again found. Before the war there was quite a colony in and around Hendon and Golders Green; so was there also a French and Swiss quarter to

be found in Bloomsbury—but to-day it is not the case.

We have little black or Negro colony. What few there are can be traced to Tottenham Court Road and the inner south-east parts to quarters such as Kennington, or the outskirts of Waterloo and different parts of Charing Cross or the Seven Dials.

In Shepherd's Bush and the Bayswater districts there is a small quarter of Mohammedans, the majority being gentlemen of colour studying medicine and law at the various great seats of learning in the Metropolis.

Perhaps the most remarkable change that can be noticed in our once great Foreign Legion—is the absence of the Russians. To-day, out of a huge colony, *there are not perhaps 300 all told.*

By this I do not refer to the Russian Jew. In the East End to-day there is an immense colony numbering many thousands. What I refer to is the *Real Russian*; the old Russian gentry that lived amongst us in the Hampstead and Highgate districts—many of whom were the real political refugees or Nihilists that fled to these shores and found sanctuary in the days that preceded the rumblings of their coming revolution.

If the student of these days would get a clear view, it is necessary for him to look back over those strange far-off pre-war days. Indeed, to attempt to understand the strange mentality of the

Soviet Government of Russia to-day, its attitude towards the rest of the world, and particularly towards this Empire, it is necessary to reconstruct the times which are but a fading memory to most of us—but certainly not to Russians !

The Revolution of 1917 was not a sudden spontaneous and unexpected event arising out of the extraordinary circumstances of the time. True it is that the people were utterly war-weary, were being corruptly and treacherously led in the War, were being tyrannously governed at home, but even these things in themselves would not have been sufficient to call a great, patient, incoherent mass to pretty well unanimous action.

No ! the Russian Revolution was the expression, through the accident of circumstances, of long pent-up revolt, was the culmination at one common apex of countless schemes, the budding of which I, amongst others, still serving at Scotland Yard, had watched in London, in Paris and Berlin.

In those days I was serving my novitiate as a detective in the Special Political Branch of the Yard, the department which, as I have previously referred to, deals with all sorts of secret matters connected with aliens, political refugees, possible maniacs, anarchists, spies, and, of course, in the old days—the Nihilists.

Who were the Nihilists ? What did they stand for ? What manner of men and women were these ?

To answer those questions fully would require volumes, but though I cannot hope within the compass of this chapter to deal at all fully with Nihilism—being concerned more with relating my experiences of Nihilists—yet I must briefly sketch in a few words what these men were.

The actual term “Nihilist” was not used until applied by the novelist Turgenev in 1883 to those crushed elements in Russia who remained patriots but who swore to sacrifice their own lives in the “Holy Cause” of freedom. One of their articles of faith was that arch-tyrants must be assassinated.

But long before 1883 there were revolutionary elements of a desperate character in Russia. As a matter of fact, a great secret society called the “Decembrists” can be traced to the year 1824; and recent records prove conclusively that many of the Decembrists were peasants living in conditions almost amounting to actual slavery.

The Decembrists were purely and simply down-trodden men and women who met from time to time in Russia itself, to take counsel together and make plans for “the great day” of freedom. The Decembrists may have been said to have prepared the ground—sown the seeds for what was to come.

Then the Czar Alexander I died, and was succeeded by his brother Nicholas in the place of an elder brother, Constantine, who abdicated in favour of the younger brother.

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Looking back, one can see plainly that this was an important milestone in Russian history. Had the popular and Liberal Constantine succeeded instead of the tyrant Nicholas the First, then Russian history might have been written differently. As it was, all the Liberal elements in the army and in the offices of State were bitterly disappointed. An attempt was made to force Constantine to reign; half the officers of the St. Petersburg garrison led their troops in open rebellion. They were beaten hopelessly.

This rebellion was suppressed ruthlessly, the Siberian salt mines were filled to overflowing—this time, be it noted, not only with peasants and the lower artisan class of the towns, but also with army officers, aristocrats, land-owners, councillors of State, and princes!

Following this abortive attempt at freedom, Miloradovich, Governor-General of St. Petersburg, was assassinated by the first active Nihilist who had taken the oath—Kakhovsky, “the martyr,” as he was always styled by the Nihilists I met.

Now it is from that period that all the intense plotting and counter-plotting can be dated. The Russian prisons were filled to overflowing with people even remotely suspected of disaffection, while the capitals of every European country were packed with refugees.

It was part of my job to watch the movements

of these refugees. For the most part they were settled in the East End. Meetings used to be held by them in an old house in Jubilee Street, which was a sort of International Parliament for the refugees of the Continent. I have seen Prince Kropotkin arrive there; I have seen the notorious Vera Zasulich, one of the most charming women one could meet, gentle, and a friend of every needy child of the streets, and yet this girl had taken a pistol and fired point blank at General Trepov!

She managed to make her escape to London, and was a great friend of Lenin's, with whom I have seen her frequently.

I remember one occasion when a very large crowd collected in Jubilee Street, and for the first time I saw one or two men who have become notorious since, as the notorious Commissar of the Department of Urukutsk. Extra police were engaged, because it was known that several extremely desperate characters had arrived in London from the Continent.

In those days, it must be remembered, there was no law at all to stop aliens from entering the country. Provided they called themselves "Political Refugees" and behaved themselves, there was no legislation which could interfere with them. They had "Right of Asylum." Nowadays, of course, all that is changed—we have our amended Alien Acts, all foreigners have to report

to the police and sign, and a particularly sharp eye is kept on Russians !

But let me say at once that the Nihilists never gave any trouble ; they appreciated their freedom and co-operated with the police to secure order and preserve their good name, as good citizens in London. Criminal elements they ruthlessly cast out and disclaimed. They stood for Russian patriotism—not general disorder.

To instance their attitude, upon the night of the great Jubilee Street meeting, I was standing near the door when the once famous Prince Kropotkin came up to me with a short, stubby, very intellectual-looking man.

“ You have added to your forces of police,” said the old prince, with a gentle smile, “ but they will not be needed. This is my friend Lenin. It is he whom we have all gathered together to meet. Lenin, my friend, this is an English police detective.”

And so I shook hands with the future dictator of all Russia ! Later I had a talk with Lenin, for Prince Kropotkin, whom I knew very well indeed, asked me to his house in Highgate to meet him.

He talked very little of the movement, but he spoke of the extreme difference existing between the English police, for whom he had nothing but high tributes to pay, and the Russian.

He explained that in Russia there were three distinct police forces. The first was uniformed

and semi-military, specially trained for instant mobilisation into part of the army, was armed and could use arms at discretion. The second was the detective police. To these were entrusted powers of arrest and interrogation, and in evidence their word outweighed that of a citizen.

In Russia, Lenin pointed out, the detective never allowed any mystery to go unsolved. Someone—innocent or guilty—went to Siberia.

The third section—was THE THIRD SECTION! Lenin spoke of it with contorted face! Even the mild Prince Kropotkin growled a little under his breath as Lenin talked.

And, of course, the Third Section was, in my own opinion, the most terrible and awful institution devised by the cruelty of man since the Spanish Inquisition and the days of the Holy Office.

The Third Section penetrated everywhere. By some strange, unheard-of means, a man's own wife, sister, mother, sweetheart, or even child might be an agent of the hated Third Section! Treachery sprang from the most sacred precincts.

The head of the Third Section was always an aristocrat, and his name was never known. Even his own chief heads of Territorial Departments never knew who he was. He was the most powerful man in Russia while he reigned, which, as a matter of fact, was until the Nihilists found out who he was, and that was the end of him. Sooner

or later the Nihilists obtained the information, and then, inexorable as Fate, the lots were drawn and one "martyr"—man or woman—set off to dispatch him.

That rule never varied.

Another important Nihilist I met in those days was ex-Lieutenant-General Boris Tchkersoff, who lived at Hornsey. I recollect when he came there was a report as long as a blue book from the Third Section, describing the General as one of the most bloodthirsty criminals of the age. He lived the three years that I knew him very happily with his wife, who rejoined him after much difficulty and delay, very quietly and very simply. He was something of a botanist, and used to go for holidays to the Lake District to tramp the fells and collect wild flowers.

He attended the meetings at Jubilee Street in the East End, and Charlotte Street in the West End.

Of a different type was General Ivan Karriloff. The General was perhaps the most feared man in Russia by the Old Régime. Himself an aristocrat, he was of Liberal tendencies. His troubles began after the Revolution of 1905, when he was found to have directed his brother, a Member of the Duma, to make a speech condemning the stern measures of suppressing the revolution.

He was so great a soldier, and had fought so well against the Japanese, that even the Third Section

was afraid to tackle him at the moment, for he was an idol of the army and he might well have formed the pivot of a successful military rising. So they arrested his brother and let the General run for the time being.

But the General was made of tougher stuff than to allow his brother to bear his sins—if any. He sent a personal courier to the Czar with a letter telling that despot that if he would cease skulking behind bayonets at Tsarskoe Selo and face the peasants and extend the powers of the Duma, it would suit him better. He demanded the release of his brother and practically told the Czar that he was badly advised, and that his cowardice in not facing issues would ultimately cost him his throne.

Then they arrested him. I, myself, have seen the marks of the knout on the General's back. He must have suffered agonies. His beard, which had been black, turned grey. Then, on the way to Siberia, the whole guard on the train—officers, men, railway officials, everyone—combined, and all escaped together.

So General Karriloff came to England. For a time I had to guard him closely and followed him wherever he went. My readers will understand how shaken the Imperial Government was when I relate that the authorities in St. Petersburg sent a personal private letter to King Edward asking that some charge might be levelled against Karriloff,

for they could not rest while the General was at large. THE GENERAL WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO HAD EVER WRITTEN HIS MIND TO THE CZAR !

The King interviewed some one from the Special Branch, but, of course, no action was taken. His Majesty was told that the General, so far from being a murderer, a thief, a voluptuary, a blasphemer—all of which he was according to the Third Section—was a very charming gentleman, very popular with the officers at Catterick Barracks, near Richmond, Yorkshire, where he settled down.

I remember following the General one Sunday night from Richmond to Leeds. Accompanying him was one of the most exquisitely beautiful women I ever saw in my life. She was Russian and dressed in wonderful sables. The pair entered the Midland section of Leeds New Station. There was no train south for two hours, and the whole of that two hours, the girl—she was perhaps twenty-five—and the General, walked up and down the deserted platforms. The General wore a great, heavy, green overcoat and a trilby hat. She hung on his arm and they talked very confidentially together. At 1.30 or thereabouts, the train went off with the girl leaning out of a first-class carriage window. She kissed the General before the train departed.

The next news I had of the girl was her photograph in the newspapers—she had just been

executed for the attempted murder of Prince Michael Michaelovitch Obolensky!

Humbler Nihilists—but important in the movement—were many. Gardstein, a man for whom the whole Russian police searched, was mortally wounded at 11, Exchange Buildings, E., in December, 1910. He was conducted in a dying condition through the East End streets, and it was the trail of this sinister journey that led eventually to the famous siege of Sidney Street. It was on account of Gardstein's association with the criminal gang operating in the East End that he was expelled from the Nihilist movement.

Chaikovsky, in the pre-war days, something of a poet and visionary, a great friend of pretty Vera Zasulich, who shot General Trepov and then managed to escape, used to live in South Kensington. Now he is Commissar of the district of Urukutsk and executed with his own hands—delicate, artistic hands—General Perenskin, sometime Governor of Siberia.

Another interesting figure in the London Nihilist group was Alexis Volkovsky. He had at one time been a great favourite with the Czar and was actually head of the Cossack Bodyguard, which always accompanied the Emperor. For political reasons he was banished. A letter sent by him to a cousin was intercepted. In the letter he advocated a system of limiting the power of District Governors and substituting Councils of Landlords and

Peasants. For this his estates were confiscated and he just missed going to Siberia.

Later on, when his cousin was found to be mixed up in a plot to assassinate the Czar, it was thought by the Russian police that Volkovsky was engineering the whole thing in England, and determined efforts were made to get him back. In the first place the Czar pardoned him and reinstated him, at the same time inviting him to return. But "in vain is the snare set—" Volkovsky was not having any. After that a girl, recently admitted to the movement, brought him a message to go to Paris. On the way he was attacked by alleged thieves—really, there is no doubt they were agents of the Third Section—and kidnapped.

By some means the Nihilists in Germany got wind of what was happening and stirred to such purpose that the party was interrupted on the German-Russian frontier and Volkovsky, who had been chloroformed, was snatched back right at the gates of the furnace, so to speak.

I had to go and see him upon one occasion when he had just had an alarm.

His maid admitted me into his flat, and as I entered his sitting-room he followed me from behind with a revolver in his hand.

"Do you know, if you had been a Russian police officer and not an English officer you would have been a dead man by now?" he asked. He smiled quietly as he pocketed the weapon, then

sat down to talk, and told me his recent adventures.

The days of the Nihilists are over. The dreams of some of the Nihilists I knew have turned out to be nightmares.

And now, to-day, another class of Russian out-cast fills the capitals of Europe, and some of them say that the cycle will complete itself and their turn will come next.

I doubt it.

The Nihilists I knew were not class-conscious. They were not merely dispossessed land-owners and aristocrats. They were essentially patriots. They fought with any or every weapon which came to their hands to free their land from a tyranny which was a blight. Not selfishly, not for their own ends, did they fight.

In my opinion they can be likened to the old Jews of the Captivity. They longed for their own land with something of a holy longing, and, again, like the Jews, when they did get back—they made a mess of things !

CHAPTER XXV

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER SISTER : KING MANOEL OF PORTUGAL

I CANNOT draw this book to a close without reference to the honour I had on several occasions of guarding two of the greatest Royal sisters ever known. I refer to the Empress Marie Feodorovna, widow of Alexandra III and mother of Nicholas II, the last Czar of Imperial Russia, and her sister, Queen Alexandra. They were the daughters of a Viking King and throughout their great and illustrious lives they were two sweet and wonderful women. The Empress Marie was called upon to suffer : she endured the threat of the assassin's bomb, knife, and revolver for nearly thirty-five years. She saw her sons and daughters taken, one by one, from her by the deadly revolutionaries.

Yet she survived it all, even the horror of the Russian revolution. On several occasions I was attached for duty outside St. James's Palace and Marlborough House to guard these two great ladies, who often drove out in their plain black carriage without any ceremony whatever.

The Empress's rescue from almost certain death

during the Russian Revolution was effected by H.M.S. *Marlborough* in 1919, long after all her children and grandchildren had been killed by the Russian revolutionaries. She could have escaped over and over and over again, but she decided to stay on, a final link with the past.

On May 9th of the same year I saw her for the last time at Victoria Station. Queen Alexandra, King George, Queen Mary, and other members of the Royal Family assembled there to meet the Dowager Empress of Russia. At the King's orders she was met at the port with the honours due to her high rank. When the Royal saloon drew up in Victoria opposite the group of those who loved her, Marie Feodorovna threw herself into the arms of her sister. There was no need for guarding detectives, the two sisters were at last reunited.

Inspector Hestor, also Reilly and Powell, were great favourites of the Royal sisters.

During the funeral of King Edward VII I came into touch with a celebrated personage who came over with the Kaiser for the funeral. This was the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and I found him to be very easy-going for a member of the German royalty. One night he asked me if I could take him round the West-end. I told him I should be only too pleased, but official sanction would have to be obtained before I could take on the responsibility. This sanction was granted, and at six that

evening we set off from St. James's on foot. Several places of interest were visited, including the Café Royal, Oddenino's, and Verreys. Then we took a trip to the East-end and saw the Paragon Music Hall, and then Smithfield Meat Market, Billingsgate Fish Market and Covent Garden. As I have said, I found him a charming companion, and when we said good-bye in the early hours of the morning, he gave me a substantial present, including a silver and enamel medallion of the Ducal House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

During the time when the late King Manoel of Portugal first came to this country, after the assassination of his father and brother, much anxiety was felt for his safety on account of Portuguese and Spanish anarchists in this country, who were then known to be in a violent state of feeling. The Branch had them all well under hand, but it was feared that some of them would find their way down to his country house. About eleven one night I came back to the Yard and was informed by the night duty inspector that an anonymous telephone call had been received from a man from the Spartan Beer Hall—now the site of Ward's Irish House in Piccadilly Circus—that two men were on their way to the ex-King's house with the fixed idea of taking his life. Immediately one of my colleagues went off to the Spartan with the idea of picking up the mysterious informant. He had given his description, and the only job for my

colleague to do was to find him. I was sent off by taxi to find Superintendent Sir Patrick Quinn and inform him of the communication.

I woke Sir Patrick's housekeeper and she went upstairs to inform him that one of his men was below with an urgent message. At once I was shown upstairs to the bedroom of my chief. After I had explained my call, he gave orders that my colleague and I were to go down to Ex-King Manoel's place without losing another minute—and we were to act as the circumstances arose. It was nearly four in the morning when we reached the place, which was absolutely deserted and as quiet as the grave. Near the ex-King's house we came across the local policeman and explained our predicament.

“So far as I know, you are on a fool's errand,” he told us. “King Manoel is away; he left early this morning by car for Scotland and is staying with the Royal Family at Ballater.” My colleague and I at once recollected that the Royal Family had that morning left for Scotland, and subsequent enquiries proved that King Manoel was with them. Whoever sent the message that night evidently meant to “pull the leg” of the Special Branch.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE MISSING PRINCESS ?

THIS book *Guardians of the Great* could hardly be complete without a kind of retrospective survey of all the crimes committed in the name of political heresy over the past half a century to the present day.

The year 1908 saw the eyes of the world upon Portugal. In a fatal second a King and his eldest son were wiped out of existence by fanatics, its reaction ending with the exile of the youngest and only surviving son, namely the late King Manuel, to this country. Then again a flash-back on the screen of history reveals a dirty ill-lit cellar nine years later at Ekaterinburg, and a Czar of Russia, his Queen and family killed by the selfsame type of fanatics.

Post-war times also brings historical flash-backs in the same way in almost every country of the world. At the hand of the madman France lost a noble President and Roumania only recently a Prime Minister ; while attempts have been made, but fortunately frustrated, on the lives of the President of the United States, the Dictators of Austria and Italy as well as an attempt on the life of the Crown Prince of Italy. Had it not been for some existing "guardian" who can say what the result might not have been ? However, it is not

the intention in these final pages to forecast. I only deal with facts. With history. Which reminds me that in regard to the late Russian royal family I have a story to relate which may be of interest in conclusion to my readers. It is a strange one, but I recount it for what I believe to be an incident of the times in which I have lived and am still living. This then is my story. It was given out that after the massacre of the whole ill-fated family of the Romanoff Dynasty, the Bolsheviks were deprived of their defenceless victims. I cannot answer for its accuracy. All I can do is to tell of a happening which came my way and which I have related before in other written publications.

I will commence the story by stating: Who was Frau von Tchaikowsky the Russian invalid who some few years ago landed in the United States of America? That was the question which the whole world at the time was asking. It is a question which caused one big sensation in the European Press and society seven years ago. A full answer has never been given to it, nor am I, as I reiterate, in a position to make that complete answer now, but I certainly am able to relate some facts about the mysterious personage whom I personally attended for a time. These facts may suggest a solution to the mystery in the minds of my readers.

In the year 1925, I was sent for by a very eminent and exclusive firm of solicitors. The firm's name is unfamiliar to the public, yet inside the sanctum of the

principal—there is only one solicitor in the firm—there are black japanned despatch boxes bearing illustrious names. Among the clientèle of this remarkable firm are members of our own Royal house and members of the great Ducal families. When the aged principal dies there is a man waiting to take command, but at the present he is a partner in another great firm of solicitors which occasionally handle the litigious business of the firm over which this partner will ultimately preside.

The firm I speak of has never pleaded in a court in its history, and never will. It permits itself to be represented in the contentious atmosphere of the law courts by lesser lights. Its “forte” is to control and govern the interests of great estates. It is a very old-fashioned and exclusive firm. I know of none like it. I presented myself to the principal.

“Your name has been given to me,” he said, “by my friend Sir John —, of Hampshire and Lincoln’s Inn, as a discreet ex-officer of Scotland Yard with some foreign experience.” “That is so in regard to travel,” I answered.

“What experience have you, Mr. Woodhall?” I told in a few moments enough to satisfy him of my qualifications in that direction.

“Have you ever travelled in Russia at all?” he asked, and I replied that I had never crossed the frontier. He asked me several questions about my knowledge of Europe, and astonished me with his

intimate acquaintance with France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, in fact nearly every country in the world. "Very well, Woodhall, I'm going to engage you," he smiled, as he passed the remark. "I'm going to employ you upon a somewhat unusual project. You may not be aware of it, but I have your entire history. You represent a man for this particular commission that appeals to the character of any strong-minded man of worldly experience and as such you will be employed.

"A lady is visiting this county, indeed two ladies together, but it is about the younger one that I am chiefly concerned. You will act as a bodyguard to her and her name is Frau von Tchaikowsky, and she occupied in the days of Imperial Russia something more than the mere name I have mentioned."

I was silent. He continued in a slow explicit sort of way to outline the nature of my commission. "She represents in a rather curious sense, a cause!" he looked hard at me when passing this remark. "Her life has been several times attempted, hence the guard which it is necessary ever to maintain. Now when attempts are made upon her life, it is of vital importance that no publicity is given to such attempts.

"There are several reasons for that. One is that publicity would probably increase the danger of attacks and the other is that it is most desirable that the movements of Frau von Tchaikowsky are a secret and as free as possible.

“Frau von Tchaikowsky must never be placed in such a position that she would have to enter the witness-box and give evidence on oath. Do you understand that?”

“Very well,” continued the old man, “Now these are your instructions.” He drew out of his desk drawer a large envelope and opened it, unfolding some ribbon-bound papers. Then he gave me my instructions. I had to meet Frau von Tchaikowsky at a house near Paris, and accompany her and her friend to London where a house was already at her disposal, furnished and staffed in Kensington. I had to engage what assistance I required and drew my expenses on a generous scale.

I set off for Paris and duly presented myself at a house on the outskirts. After announcing myself I was taken to a charming little pink boudoir and presented to “Frau von Tchaikowsky.” She was a tall, dark, tragic-looking girl about twenty-three. Her eyes wandered round the room continually as if expecting to see some horrible thing of which she was afraid. She smiled a little, as I was presented in a rather far-away manner and nodded. Beside her stood an elderly woman, very self-possessed and dignified.

“You look rather young!” said the latter eyeing me. (I was thirty-six at the time.) “Is your experience wide at discreet escort duty?” The question, and manner of putting it made me look

up quickly. This woman had undoubtedly been associated with Court life.

"I have had the honour," I replied, "of being attached to some of the most important personages of my time," and again, as in the case of the old instructing solicitor, I told her of my qualifications upon the matter of "protective surveillance."

"That seems sufficient to guarantee experience," the elder lady said smiling. "I am glad we have your services, Monsieur Woodhall, late of Special Branch, New Scotland Yard," I bowed and was about to leave the room when the girl suddenly sprang forward and seized me by the arm.

"You will keep them from me?" she whispered. "You will not let them near me?" "Madam, so long as I am attached to you," I replied, rather boastfully I'm afraid, to reassure her, "nobody will get near you." The elder lady again smiled her approval and gently laid her hand on the girl's arm and began to speak to her in Russian as I left the room. The journey across to London was uneventful. We arrived at the Kensington house and were duly installed there. Then began a course of routine work with occasional constitutional walks with me always hovering about in the rear and near vicinity of my two mysterious charges. Within a fortnight I received orders they were returning to the South of France, and upon arrival we were received at the house of a Russian nobleman.

My stay in France was a very easy and happy one ; no incident of an untoward nature occurred, whilst the precautionary measures were tremendous, our host having his own secret service with patrols taken from the old Imperial Russian service. Then, unaccompanied by me they went off for a visit to Berlin as a guest of one of the German nobility. It was in Berlin that a very unexpected thing happened which caused a flutter in the White Russian dovecotes. "Frau Tchaikowsky became suddenly very ill and had to be taken to a hospital for a possible operation. In the hospital, fearing that she was going to die, she made several statements in the presence of doctors and members of the staff. She announced that she was really the **GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA, ONLY SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA.**

Her elderly companion was in a panic. The newspapers began to print paragraphs about the mysterious "Frau Tchaikowsky" and the companion cabled for the Russian nobleman whose guests we had been in the South of France.

This gentleman did not go himself but sent an aide-de-camp who was able to settle all outstanding questions of difficulty. Shortly after the arrival of the aide-de-camp in Berlin, an official statement was issued with his sanction and by then the "Frau von Tchaikowsky" had partially recovered.

The statement was that Frau Tchaikowsky had

been the companion of the Grand Duchess Anastasia whom she resembled in a most extraordinary degree. She escaped with a female cousin of the Czar after the night of the murder of the Imperial family at Ekaterinburg. It had been suggested by certain Russian refugees to impersonate the dead Grand-Duchess and make herself a rallying point for the White Russian cause wherever she went, stimulating their efforts for the coming counter revolution in the event of ever such an occasion arising.

That was the explanation made in the statement. To me, who interviewed him upon several occasions, the aide-de-camp amplified it to some extent. He told me he was actually present when the Czar was dragged from his room to be taken downstairs and shot. As a result of his defence of His Imperial Master he carried a bayonet wound in the cheek and a scar on the side of his head. Unconscious, he was probably left for dead and, when the massacre was over, and the hours went by, he recovered, by which time the blood-lust had been satisfied. The General told me that even the Soviet Authorities were horrified to some extent and too late took certain measures against the blood-thirsty scoundrels responsible. Anyhow, he was able to go free.

“Was the Frau von Tchaikowsky very devoted to the Grand Duchess, whom she closely resembled?” I asked the General, for I held very

strong views that he was misleading me and the world in general.

"Oh! worshipped the ground she stood on!" he replied at once, "poor, devoted, brave girl!" As he made the last remark off-guard, with set face and a movement of his finger to an ikon which he carried under his waistcoat, *I thought that perhaps I had come as near to solving the mystery of "Frau von Tchaikowsky" as I ever would.* In my opinion it was the real Frau von Tchaikowsky who was brutally murdered on that grim night in the dim-lit cellar of far-off Ekaterinburg, the murderers MIS-TAKING her for the Grand Duchess.

I could visualise a drama enacted in that fearful residence—a drama within the huge terrible drama that the world knows all about,—the Russian Revolution.

THE END

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Since going to press with the book, I have been informed that Frau von Tchaikowsky is not the Grand Duchess Anastasia. The appearance of this lady in New York social circles, sponsored by a very wealthy woman, caused a tremendous sensation, especially among Russian emigrées. One of the latter, formerly a court dentist to the Russian royal family, obtained permission to examine the mouth of Frau von Tchaikowsky, and after doing so stated that there were no characteristic marks corresponding with the dentures he knew existed in the mouth of the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

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